

# THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

FOR

NOVEMBER, 1809.

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[The observations of Bishop Gregoire on the Columbiad, which we recently inserted in the Anthology, have drawn a reply from Mr. Barlow; and the editors of publick journals, who have admitted the original letter, are called on to insert the answer. As our motive for printing the letter was, not because it contained an attack on Mr. Barlow, but because we thought it in itself both interesting and eloquent, we do not feel our obligation to give a place to the answer to be very imperious. We have the misfortune to find nothing of sufficient importance in Mr. Barlow or his opinions to induce us to make any extraordinary exertions to lessen his influence. We think him to be but an indifferent poet, a sorry politician, and a still worse philosopher; and we can have no motive therefore to bestow on him any attention, except when he comes before us in the regular exercise of our critical vocation. As however he thinks he has some claims on our justice; and as his letter, if we pardon some bad English, and a good deal of French idiom and French sentimentality, is not badly written, we have no objection to comply with his request.

The letter of Mr. Barlow has not raised our opinion either of his ingenuity or his candour. His first apology is, that the frontispiece of the Columbiad was executed in London. But as the book itself was printed in this country, and bound up under his own eye, it was in his power to have suppressed any thing objectionable; he has clearly therefore made himself responsible for every thing he has tolerated. This ground of defence however he himself abandons, and sets up, as nearly as we can understand him, two others; 1st, that the cross is considered in our country, not as the emblem of christianity, but of the superstitions of the Roman Catholicks; and 2dly, that all emblems are in their nature absurd, and in their tendency pernicious. In point of fact we think the first of these positions incorrect. We believe that if any christian among us were asked "what is used as the emblem of your religion?" he would answer, "the cross." At any rate it is not considered as the appropriate emblem of the Roman Catholicks, for we see the cross on the flags of Protestant nations, and nothing is more familiar to our ear than the expression, the "triumphs of the cross," among protestant writers. As far as his observations on the abuse of emblems of all kinds are intended to vindicate him from the charges of the bishop, they are entirely without bearing on the question. The object of his plate is certainly not to ridicule the use of emblems, but the things themselves, which these emblems are intended to represent. The case therefore, which the bishop puts, is perfectly in point; "you would be offended to see the symbols of liberty trampled under foot before your

eyes." "Not at all," replies Mr. Barlow, "provided the great realities of freedom are left me." It is very true, that if he knew the person doing this was really at the same time a lover of the great realities of freedom, the action would be unimportant. But if the person were more than suspected of being an enemy to the cause of freedom, the action would then be considered as expressive of his hostile disposition to the thing signified by the emblem on which he trampled; and he would incur the indignation, we do not say of Mr. Barlow, but certainly every sincere friend to freedom.

We really, however, think that very few of our readers will require to have the shallowness of Mr. Barlow's reasoning any farther exposed. What we have been most disgusted with in reading his letter, is the unmanly and disingenuous ambiguity, which is visible throughout his letter. His object appears to be to impress on the hasty reader the idea of his being a christian, and at the same time to use no expression which is not capable of being explained away. He seems desirous of seeing how near he can come to making a direct assertion of his belief, without actually doing it. "I am not one of the unbelievers," he says. But when we examine the connexion, we find that this may only mean that he is not one of *those* unbelievers, who have attacked the christian system. "I have never renounced christianity;" that is, we suppose, he has never publickly abjured it; or he never had any to renounce. There is abundant evidence in several passages, and indeed in the whole strain of the letter, to prove that these conclusions are not too harshly urged. For a man, who professes a conscientious incredulity in the religion of Christ, we can feel only the most sincere pity. But when the evident infidel attempts to assume the appearance of christianity, in order more securely and fatally to wound it, we confess we feel a somewhat warmer emotion. But Mr. Barlow, we suppose, has read the XV and XVI chapters of the Decline and Fall; and he is desirous of the honour of imitating Mr. Gibbon. He has it. But he must suffer us to tell him, that the only point, in which he can hope to imitate him, is one, in which Mr. Gibbon can be wished to be imitated by no honest man. It is only when Mr. Gibbon abandons the character of a fair and honourable foe, to assume that of the secret assassin in the hour of sleep, that he can find a rival in Mr. Barlow.]

EDITORS OF ANTHOLOGY.

### LETTER TO HENRY GREGOIRE,

BISHOP, SENATOR, COMPTE OF THE EMPIRE, MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE, IN REPLY TO HIS LETTER ON THE COLUMBIAD. BY JOEL BARLOW, L.L. D. FELLOW OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, &C.

My Dear Good Friend,

I HAVE received your letter, at once complimentary and critical on the poem I sent you. Our venerable friend, archbishop Carroll, informs me that he has likewise received from you a copy of the same letter; and he has expressed to me in conversation, with the same frankness that you have done in writing, his displeasure at the engraving which has offended you.

While I assure you that I sincerely mingle my regrets with yours and with his on this subject, permit me, my excellent Gregoire, to accompany them with a few observations that I owe to the cause of truth and to my own blameless character.



Yes, my friend, I appeal to yourself, to our intimate intercourse of near twenty years, when I repeat this claim of character. It cannot be denied me in any country ; and your letter itself, with all its expostulating severity, is a proof of the sentiment in you which justifies my appeal.

The engraving in question is gone forth, and unfortunately cannot be recalled. If I had less delicacy than I really have towards you and the other catholick christians whom you consider as insulted by the prostration of their emblems which you therein discover, I might content myself with stating, what is the fact, that this engraving and the picture from which it was taken, were made in England while I was in America ; and that I knew nothing of its composition till it was sent over to me not only engraved, but printed and prepared for publication. My portion therefore in the crime, if it is a crime, is only the act of what our lawyers term an accomplice after the fact. But my affectionate regard for an offended brother will not suffer me to meet his complaint with so short an answer. I must discuss the subject, and reply to the whole charge as though it were all my own ; premising, as I have already done, that I am sorry there is occasion for it, and regret that the engraving was ever made.

How much our religious opinions depend on the place of our birth ! Had you and I been born in the same place, there is no doubt but we should have been of the same religion. Had that place been Constantinople we must have been musselmen. But now the musselmen call us infidels ; we pity their weakness and call them infidels in our turn. I was born in a place where catholick christians are not known but by report ; and the discipline of our sect taught us to consider them, not indeed as infidels, but as a species of idolaters. It was believed by us, though erroneously, that they worshipped images. We now find that they employed them only as instruments of worship, not as the object. But there is no wonder that to the vulgar apprehension of our people it should appear as we were taught to believe ; and that those nations who bow the knee before these emblems of deity, and address their prayers to them, should be considered as really worshipping them. This idea was perhaps corroborated by their prayers being uttered in an unknown tongue.

The decalogue of Moses had inspired us with an abhorrence for images, and for those who bow down to them and worship them ; and hence arose our unhappy aversion to the catholicks. We were told that their churches were full of pictures, statues and other visible representations, not only of the blessed virgin, of all the apostles and many of the saints, but of every person in the holy trinity. Our fathers had protested against that great section of the christian family which calls itself the mother church, not merely on account of the sale of indulgences,

against which Luther had led the revolt, but likewise on account of its making these pretended images of the inimageable God.

The sect of puritans, in which I was born and educated, and to which I still adhere for the same reason that you adhere to the catholicks, a conviction that they are right, were the class of reformers, who placed themselves at the greatest remove from the mother church, and retained the least respect for her emblems and the other ceremonials of her worship. They could suffer no bishops, no mitres, crosiers, crucifixes or censers. They made no processions, carried no lighted candles through the streets at noon day; neither did they leave them burning in their churches through the night, when no human eye was there to see them; having entirely lost sight of this part of the institutions of Zoroaster, Isis, and Ceres. They would not allow their prayers to be written in any language, not even in Latin, though they did not understand it. But they chose to utter their supplications extempore, like their other discourses, to communicate their own ideas, to express their wants and offer their confessions directly to the invisible God; through a mediator indeed, but without holding him in their hand, or having him fixed in effigy on a cross before their eyes. They had no organs in their churches, no instrumental musick in their worship, which they held to be always profane.

These people made use of no cross but the mystical one of mortifying their sins; and if they had been called upon to join in a crusade to the holy land, they must have marched without a standard. They would have fought indeed with as much bravery as saint Louis or the lion Richard; but when they had reconquered the tomb of Christ they would have trampled on the cross with as fervent a zeal as they would upon the crescent. They were not conversant with what we call the fine arts; they spoke to the ear but not to the eye; and having no reverence for images or emblems, they despised those that had, though they were doubtless wrong in so doing.

I mention these things, my worthy friend, not with the least idea of levity or evasion; but to prove to you how totally you have mistaken my meaning and my motive; to shew by what chain of circumstances, mostly foreign to our own merits or demerits, our habits of opinion, our cast of character are formed; to shew how natural it is that a man of my origin and education, my course of study and the views I must have taken of the morals of nations, their causes and tendencies, should attribute much of the active errors that afflict the human race to the use of emblems, and to the fatal facility with which they are mistaken for realities by the great vulgar of mankind; how the best of christians of one sect may consider the christian emblems of another sect, as *prejudices* of a dangerous tendency, and honestly wish to see them destroyed; and all this



without the least hostility to their fundamental doctrines, or suspicion of giving offence.

I never supposed that those Hollanders who, to obtain leave to carry on commerce to Japan, trampled on the cross, as a proof that they did not belong to the same nation with the Portuguese who had done so much mischief in that island, really meant to renounce their religion as christians, when they trod upon its catholick emblem. The act might be reprehensible, as being done for lucre; but it must appear extremely different in the eyes of different sects of christians. To a catholick, who identifies the cross with the gospel, our only hope of salvation, it must appear a horrid crime; but to a protestant we may easily conceive it might appear of little moment, and by no means as a renunciation of the gospel.

You have now furnished in your own person an additional example, and a most striking one, of identifying the symbol with the substance. In your letter to me, you treat the cross and the gospel as the same thing. Had I been sufficiently aware of the force of that habit of combination among the catholicks, especially in a mind of those acute perceptions and strong sensibilities which I know to belong to yours, I should surely have suppressed the engraving.

You must perceive by this time, that you have mistaken my principles and feelings in another point of view. You suppose I should be greatly offended "to see the symbols of liberty, so dear to me, trampled under foot before my eyes." Not at all my friend. Leave to me and my country the great realities of liberty, and I freely give you up its emblems. There was no time in the American revolution, though I was then young and enthusiastick, when you might not have cut down every liberty pole and burnt all the red caps in the United States, and I would have looked on with tranquillity, perhaps have thanked you for your trouble. My habits of feeling and reasoning, already accounted for, had accustomed me to regard these trappings rather as detrimental than advantageous to the cause they are meant to support. These images we never greatly multiplied in this country. I have seen more liberty caps at one sitting of the Jacobin club in Paris, than were ever seen in all America.

You will say perhaps that it is the difference of national character which makes the distinction. This is doubtless true; but what has been the cause of this difference in the character of our two nations? Has not the universal use of emblems in one, and the almost universal disuse of them in the other, had as great if not a greater effect than all other causes, in producing such difference? I do not say that our national character is better than yours; far from it. I speak frankly, I think you undervalue the French character. I have a high esteem for that nation. They are an amiable, intelligent, generous, hospitable,

unsuspicious people. I say nothing of their government, whether regal, revolutionary or imperial. In private friendship they are as disinterested and unshaken, at least as any people I have seen. Of this I could cite numerous examples, both within my own experience and that of others; though it would establish my position in my own mind if I were able to mention none but you.

It would indeed be paying too high a compliment to any nation on earth, to cite Gregoire as a sample of its moral and social character. If all catholicks had been like you, the world at this day would all be catholicks. And I may say, I hope without offence, that if all pagans had been like you, the world had all been pagans; there might have been no need of catholicks, no pretext for the sect of puritans.

This is an amicable discussion between you and me. The suavity of your manner does honour to the fortitude with which you defend your principles; though it is not easy to perceive against what opponent you are defending them. Your letter expatiates in a wide field and embraces many subjects. But really, my friend, the greater part of it has nothing more to do with me than one of Cicero's letters to Atticus. You begin by supposing that I have renounced christianity myself, and that I attempt to overturn the system by ridicule and insult. Neither of which is true; for neither of which have you the least colour of proof. No, my honest accuser, the proof is not in the book. Review the work with all the acumen of your discernment, and you must, you will recall the hasty accusation. I defy you and all the criticks of the English language to point out a passage, if taken in its natural, unavoidable meaning, which militates against the genuine principles, practice, faith and hope of the christian system, as inculcated in the gospels and explained by the apostles whose writings accompany the gospels in the volume of the new testament.

On the contrary I believe, and you have compelled me on this occasion to express my belief, that the Columbiad, taken in all its parts of text and notes and preface, is more favourable to sound and rigid morals, more friendly to virtue, more clear and unequivocal in pointing out the road to national dignity and individual happiness, more energetick in its denunciations of tyranny and oppression in every shape, injustice and wickedness in all their forms, and consequently more consonant to what you acknowledge to be the spirit of the gospels than all the writings of all that list of christian authors of the three last ages, whom you have cited as the glory of christendom, and strung them on the alphabet, from Addison down to Winkelman. Understand me right, my just and generous friend; I judge not my poem as a work of genius. I cannot judge it, nor class it, nor compare it in that respect, because it is my own. But I *know* it as a moral work; I *can* judge and



*dare* pronounce upon its tendency, its beneficial effect upon every candid mind, and I am confident you will yet join me in opinion. But let me repeat my prayer that you will not mistake the spirit of this observation. It is not from vanity that I speak; my book is not a work of genius; the maxims in it are not my own; they are yours, they are those of good men that have gone before us both; they are drawn from the gospel, from history, from the unlettered volume of moral nature, from the experience and the inexperience of unhappy man in his various struggles after happiness; from all his errors and all his objects in the social state. My only merit lies in putting them together with fidelity. My work is only a transcript of the tablet of my mind imprest with these images as they pass before it.

You will see that I have nothing to do with the unbelievers who have attacked the christian system either before the French revolution, or during or since that monumental period. I am not one of them. You say I resemble them not in any thing else; you will now add that I resemble them not in this.

So far as you have discovered a cause of the failure of that revolution in the renunciation of the christian faith by those who held, in stormy quick succession, the reigns of your government, I thank you for the discovery. I was in want of more causes than I had yet perceived, to account for the unhappy catastrophe of that gigantick struggle of all the virtues against all the vices that political society has known. You have discovered a cause; but there is such a thing in logick, as the cause of a cause. I have thought, but perhaps it is an error, that the reason why the minds of the French people took the turn they did, on the breaking out of the revolution, was to be found in the complicated ceremonials of their worship, and what you yourself would term the non essentials of their religion.

The reasonable limits of a letter will not allow me to do justice to this idea. To give it the proper development would require five times the volume that I shall give to the present communication. The innumerable varieties of pomp and circumstance which the discipline of the church had inculcated and enjoined, became so incorporated with the vital principles of faith and practice; and these exteriors were overloaded with abuses to such a degree, that to discriminate and take them down, without injuring the system, required a nicer eye than the people can possess, a steadier hand than can comport with the hurried movement of a great revolution.

The scaffolding of your church, permit me to say it, had so inclosed, perforated, overlooked and underpropt the building, that we could not be surprised, though sorely grieved, to see the reformer lay his hand, like a blind Samson, to the great substantial pillars, heave and overturn the whole encumbered edifice together, and bury himself in the ruins. Why did they

make a goddess of reason? Why erect a statue of liberty? a mass of dead matter for a living energetick principle! Have the courage, my good friend, to answer these questions. You know it was for the same cause that the people of Moses, made their golden calf. The calf Apis had from time immemorial become a god in Egypt. The people were in the habit of seeing their divine protector in that substantial boval form, with two horns, four legs and a tail; and this habit was so interwoven in the texture of their mind as to become a part of the intellectual man. The privations incident to a whole moving nation subjected them to many calamities. No human hand could relieve them; they felt a necessity of seeking aid from a supernatural agent, but no satisfaction in praying to an invisible God. They had never thought of such a being; and they could not bring themselves at once to the habit of forming conceptions of him with sufficient clearness and confidence to make him an object of adoration, to which they could address their supplications in the day of great affliction.

Forty years of migration were judged necessary to suppress the habit of using idols in their worship; during which time their continual marches would render it at once inconvenient for the people to move their heavy gods, and to conceal them in their baggage; while the severity of military discipline must expose their tents and their effects to the frequent inspection of their officers.

Shall I apply this principle to the French nation in her revolution? No, my friend, it is too delicate a task for a foreigner who has received her hospitality; I will leave it to your own compassionate and philanthropick mind. You will recollect how often I partook of your grief during that scene of moral degradation. No sooner did you and the other virtuous leaders in the revolution begin to speak of *august* liberty, *holy* reason and the *divine* rights of man, than the artisans took up the hammer, the chissel and the plaister of Paris. They must reduce these gods to form before they could present them to the people with any chance of their being understood; they must create before they could adore. Trace this principle through five years of your history, and you will find why the catholick religion was overturned, morality laid asleep, and the object of the revolution irretrievably lost, at least for our day.

My dear Gregoire, I am glad you have written me this letter, though at first it gave me pain. I was sorry to find myself so entirely misconceived by a friend so highly valued; but I see your attack is easily repelled, a thing which I know will give you pleasure, and it furnishes me an occasion at the same time to render a piece of justice to myself in relation to my fellow citizens. You must know I have enemies in this country. Not personal ones; I never had a personal enemy, to my knowledge, in any country. But they are political enemies, the



enemies of republican liberty, and a few of their followers who never read my writings; that is my writings that I wrote, but only those that I did not write; such as were forged and published for me in my absence; many of which I never have seen, and some of which I did not hear of till ten years after they had been printed in the American gazettes.

It has even been said and published by these christian editors, (I never heard of it till lately) that I went to the bar of your convention, when it was the fashion so to do, and made a solemn recantation of my christian faith, declaring myself an Atheist or Deist, or some other anti-christian apostate; I know not what, for I never yet have seen the piece. Now, as an active member of that convention, a steady attendant at their sittings, and my most intimate friend, you know that such a thing could not be done without your knowledge; you know therefore that it was not done; you know I never went but once to the bar of that convention, which was on the occasion to which you allude in the letter now before me, to present an address from the constitutional society in London, of which I was a member. You know I always sympathized in your grief and partook of all your resentments while such horrors and blasphemies were passing, of which these typographical cannibals of reputation have made me a participant.

These calumnies you see could not be refuted by me while I did not know of their existence. But there is another reason which you will not conceive of till I inform you. The editors of newspapers, you know, ought to be considered as exercising a sacred function; they are the high priests of publick opinion, which is the high court of character, the guardian of publick morals. Now I am ashamed to inform you that there are editors in this country who will publish the grossest calumny against a citizen, and refuse to publish its refutation. This is an immorality unknown in France since the death of Marat.

A private letter of mine, written from Paris, was mutilated in this country, made to say things that I never wrote nor thought, and published in all our anti-republican papers. I saw it a year after the date and immediately wrote an explanatory letter, which re-established my first intention. This last I then published in Paris, London and Philadelphia. Not one editor who printed the original mutilated letter has, to this day, printed my answer; though it was published in all those places ten years ago. And perhaps not one person in twenty who read the first has ever seen the second, or yet knows of its existence, except these editors who refused to publish it.

You must not suppose from this statement of facts that I am angry with these people. On the contrary, I pity and forgive them. And there is no great merit in this, for they are not my enemies. They only do the work they are set about by their patrons and supporters, the monarchists of America. Their

object is not to injure me, but to destroy the effect of my republican writings.

They now publish your letter with great avidity because they think it will tend to decry my poem. It may have this effect in a small degree; but I still thank them for multiplying your publication. There is no work of yours that I do not wish to see universally read in America; and I hope soon to find in our language and in the hands of all our readers your last very curious and interesting treatise *de la littérature des negres*. It is a work of indefatigable research, and brings to light many facts unknown in this country; where the cause of humanity is most interested in propagating that species of knowledge. I hope the manuscript copy of Mr. Warden's translation is not lost; or if it is, that he will be able to furnish our booksellers with another.

If I had renounced christianity, as your letter seems to suppose, that letter and my reflections on your life and conversation would certainly bring me back. For you judge me right when you say I am not ashamed to own myself possibly in the wrong; or in other words to confess myself a man. The gospel has surely done great good in the world; and if, as you imagine, I am indebted in any measure to that for the many excellent qualities of my wife, I owe it much indeed.

I must now terminate my letter; or I shall be obliged to turn from you to the publick, with an apology for making it so long; since I must offer it to the publick in my country, and trust to your sense of justice to do the same in yours and in your language, in order to give it a chance of meeting your letter in the hands of all its readers. If, thus united, they serve no other purpose, they will be at least a short lived monument of our friendship, and furnish one example of the calmness and candour with which a dispute may be conducted, even on the subject of religion.

Your affectionate friend,

Kalorama, 13th Sept. 1809.

JOEL BARLOW.

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FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

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TO THE EDITORS OF THE ANTHOLOGY.

Gentlemen,

IN the Anthology for May, 1809, we find a poem inserted, called the Rake. A reader in that miscellany requested to know by whom it was written. The authoress was a lady, whose married name was Gerrish, her family name Fayerweather. The subject of that production was the lady's only brother; Boston their natal town. More than half a century has elapsed since they both deceased. The lady survived her brother.



Previous to his death, she had the happiness, by her precepts and fair example, to recall the wanderer to the paths of goodness and virtue.

The writer of this notice had hoped some courteous friend, with less diffidence than herself, would have addressed you, or this communication should have been prompt.

Gentlemen, be assured this information is authentick ; from a friend to literature and the muses. October 23, 1809.

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FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

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CONSIDERATIONS ON THE MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

By those writers who examine human life only to discover cause of complaint, much has been said of the irreparable loss sustained by the present age, because in the revolutions of time, all antiquity has not been exempt from ravages, and delivered down to us unimpaired. When the magnitude of the evil cannot be known, it is an easy matter to represent it greater than it is, and to awaken our regret for the loss of what might never have had an existence. If every ancient poet were a Homer, and every orator a Demosthenes, we would cordially join in such "loud lament," and hold that time had committed an offence little short of an indictable one in thus purloining property to which he had no kind of title. However, we think it at least a moot point, and worthy of deep consideration before final judgment is given, whether time, who seems already to have set his face against a large part of modern literature, is not entitled to our thanks for having played the same game with the ancients.

We have reason to believe that the fairest models of antiquity have survived the rapacity of accident, and it would be a most preposterous cause of complaint, that, because we have the best specimens, we should manifest an equal solicitude for the worst. Modern superstition has ransacked every thing above ground, and every thing under it, in quest of the objects of such idolatry. But the acquisition has, in a multitude of instances, abated the fervency of such worship. Priapus, although he was discovered in the ruins of Herculaneum, and has been introduced to the world with all the elegance of engraving, might have remained a *subterranean* still, without reproaching those who produce such a curious specimen of the purity of ancient taste. Vesuvius has suffered the full brunt of critical vengeance for having lent his assistance in demolishing such noble samples of antiquity : but in the instance of Priapus at least the devastation was not to be regretted. We therefore think that those ravages of time, so much lamented by criticks, have been, in many cases, merciful ravages ; that he did not act

from motives of envy, or malice, but from delicacy to the reputation of the ancients; that it is on this very ground that much of our reverence for antiquity is founded; and that where modern industry has reclaimed the property, the ancients have often been the *principal sufferers*.

I have been drawn into these reflections by reading "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," by Walter Scott. To those who have not seen the book it may be necessary to state, that Scotland was once overrun by a race of men denominated Borderers, who gained a subsistence, in the courtly dialect of Mr. Scott, by "predatory incursions," or who in the plainer language of truth and justice, were thieves, outlaws and assassins. By confederacies as daring as they were wicked, they were enabled to overawe their sovereign, who was often nothing more than an humble instrument in their hands, by whose agency they gave to their robberies the sanction of law. Knit together by a common love of plunder, and a common apprehension of danger, when assaulted by superiour force, they retreated to their respective castles, to concentrate their strength. Those bold chieftains, followed by men as intrepid as themselves, reduced their robberies to a regular system, and preserved a code of laws distinct from, and hostile to those of the community at large. With characteristick insolence they denominated a crime "Border treason." This state of society, this imperium in imperio, gave birth to a life, character, and manner so perfectly foreign to ours, that it undoubtedly becomes an object of curious research. Our poets and novelists have completely exhausted chivalry; and so little do we sympathize in the fate of their knights, who die in Palestine, that we almost wish the author had been one of the party. Mr. Scott has made felony and chivalry convertible terms; he has dignified the profession of this forlorn gentry by the name of "Border Chivalry," a mode of chivalry, which, if practised now, would receive not the sparkling wines, and costly viands, on which the knights of antiquity were wont to regale; but the utmost punishment which the law could inflict. The songs of this rude race is what is now called the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which Mr. Scott has collected with uncommon assiduity, and of which he laments his inability to obtain more. It is somewhat singular that a man of his splendid talents, whose claims on the admiration of succeeding ages are so strong, could take delight in the uncouth legends and barbarous rhymes of a set of men, whose education fitted them only for the gallows. He has preserved the mouldering antiquity of his country's infamy, and given it to posterity arrayed in all the splendour of typography. In his preface, he concludes an elaborate dissertation on the ancient manners of the "Borderers," in the following remarkable words: "In the notes and occasional dissertations, it has been my object to throw to-



gether, perhaps without a sufficient attention to method, a variety of remarks regarding popular superstitions and legendary history, which if not now collected must soon be totally forgotten. By such efforts, feeble as they are, I may contribute somewhat to the history of my native country, the peculiar features of whose manners and character are daily melting and dissolving into those of her sister and ally. And trivial as may appear such an offering to the manes of a kingdom once proud and independent, I hang it upon her altar with a mixture of feelings which I shall not attempt to describe."

"A kingdom *once* proud and independent!" Does the poet mean, as his words without coercion seem to import, that his native country has forfeited all pretensions to her former pride and independence, because those outlaws have long since suffered merited punishment, and that their rude songs are the only memorials of her glory? Are we to understand that the "peculiar manners and features" of Scotland are now "melting away into those of her sister and ally," and that the gibbet alone has wrought this wonderful change? Is not the circumstance, which Mr. Scott seems so pathetically to deplore, the very thing which has redeemed the character of his country from reproach, and the grand criterion which distinguishes the civilized state from the savage?

We beg leave in justice to say, that such is not the character of Scotland; and further, that such is not *the opinion of Mr. Scott*. We wish to defend him against his own words. The love which a Scotchman bears his native country has past into a reverence little short of idolatry. Accustomed to respire the keen mountain air, the sons of Caledonia inhale its vigour. It reddens in their cheeks and sparkles in their eyes. A frame thus formed, and fanned by such invigorating gales, communicates through a sympathy inscrutable by mortals its influence to the mind; it becomes the receptacle of generous sentiment, grand and aspiring thought, a strong sensibility that rouses at the slightest touch, and tingles like electricity through all the tendons of the body. In more voluptuous climates the suns blaze but to kindle effeminacy, and the natives participate from nature in the delicacy of the flowerets. Wherever earth is gratuitous in her favours, her sons look upon them in the light of inheritance, and their enjoyment consists in dissipation. The blossom that expands under cold and ungenial skies, and acquires all the lustre and fragrance which softer suns confer, is doubly endearing, because it is an unquestionable monument of a conflict with, and a victory over the elements of heaven. Caledonia was not formed for the cradle of the soul, or the body. The powerless sunbeam on every icicle warns the native that mercy is not to be anticipated. The keen blast speaks in his ears, with no equivocal dialect, that luxury and effeminacy must elsewhere seek a residence.

To return to the subject of discussion, Mr. Scott candidly confesses that "the reader must not expect to find in the "Border ballads" refined sentiment, and far less elegance of expression, although the style of such composition has been found in modern hands," (probably he alludes to his own, and in this we heartily concur), "highly susceptible of both." The question then recurs, if those ballads contain no refined sentiment, and far less elegance of expression, if they only "celebrate the valour" and success of the "Robbers who composed them," if "they praise only those very exploits against which the laws of their country had pronounced a capital doom," if "an outlawed freebooter was a more interesting person than the king of Scotland, exerting his power to punish such depredations," if, "when such characters are contrasted, the latter is always represented as a ruthless and sanguinary tyrant," all which is expressly admitted by our author, why are memorials of such infamy preserved? Mr. Scott answers, that "it contributes somewhat to the history of his native country!" But is this triumph of the gibbet over the crown and the sceptre so desirable a victory as one who feels a filial reverence for his country ought to celebrate? No. Let the infamous history moulder. We should have little cause to respect the filial reverence of the man who should cause to be engraven on the tombstone of his ancestor who was hanged for horse stealing, *a copy of the Indictment.*

We venture to assert that Mr. Scott was deceived in his own motives; that it was not to preserve such relicks of his country's dishonour, even though he thereby benevolently "contributes to her history," that has made him an enthusiast in such researches. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was at that time the uppermost in his brain. An intimate acquaintance with the history of the "Scottish Border chiefs," under the influence of the muse, arrayed in the attributes which his fancy conferred, in opposition to the most notorious fact, prepossessed him in favour of the originals. Mr. Scott, when he first gave his mind to such researches, found that those Borderers possessed courage equal to, and encompassed with as much hazard as the knights of antiquity had to encounter. Their manners and character undoubtedly admitted, and much they required, poetical embellishment, before the community could endure, much less applaud, a recital of their deeds. As no poet need be sworn to the truth of his own poetry, he availed himself of this immunity, and the event has equalled his most sanguine expectations. The *thief* is buried, and we behold by the influence of the muse the resurrection of the *knight*. Chivalry assumes a new form, and the appetite of the community, long since completely satisfied by the enjoyment of old chivalry, now revives, and rapaciously demands the repast prepared by Walter Scott. It was the fortunate conception of effacing al-



together the robberies committed by his countrymen, and of joining their deeds to those of ancient chivalry, that has been the foundation of his fame. Where manners are furnished by fact to the hands, it is easy for the muse to invent motives; this Mr. Scott has done, and every felon is thus by her sorcery converted into a knight. Hence his phrase of "Border chivalry," which he pronounces with as much gravity as if his cool judgment gave any sort of credit to it. These Borderers, rude and fierce as they were, have given birth to one of the most beautiful poems in our language. The reader, by comparing Mr. Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" with "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," derives a pleasure usually denied him in similar cases, of ascertaining how far fancy has exceeded fact: their bounds may be traced out with almost mathematical preciseness.

In the Minstrelsy, the Borderer appears in all the asperities of his nature, and we can scarcely turn a page without strong symptoms of disgust. In the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" the same character rises upon us glistening with courage, and impelled to action by the impulse of generous sentiment. Scarce any thing of the original character is retained but the courage, and this by the witcheries of the muse is turned from the pursuits of robbery, to the defence of female beauty, and the assertion of her fame. The national pride of Scotland is thus decoyed into the belief that pure and legitimate chivalry was once the occupation of her sons. But Mr. Scott seems to have forgotten the decorations of his own muse, and furnishes the world with the originals. The charm now dissolves apace, the imposition of the muse is discovered and detected, and the reader feels a slight degree of irritation at finding that his sympathy has been thus pressed into the service in favour of a set of men whose crimes so often invoked the thunders of justice. Mr. Scott has, by giving to the world "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," incontestibly proved the vigour of his fancy in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel;" but in some measure it abates the charm of his page when he produces, in the former volume, the gibbet as a voucher for the latter.

We do therefore believe that Mr. Scott was so fascinated by the subject on which his fancy delighted to dwell, as to lead him to expose the originals from whence it was taken, in all their nakedness and deformity, that when he asserted that "it contributed to the history of his native country," he did not avow his real motive, and equally deceived the publick and himself. Respecting the intrinsick merit of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," it is difficult to speak in the measured propriety of critical justice. The page is so alluring, that it seems little better than fastidious delicacy to find fault with any particular part. There is in the work that minute development of beauty, that requires an acquaintance with the whole, properly

to appreciate. The predominant passion of the personage is set before us with such clearness, and shines through all the vicissitudes with such a strong, and withal so discriminating a light, that a man must feel before he can discover its brilliance. A casual perusal would condemn the volume; it requires to be dwelt upon, or otherwise we do an injury to the poet. It demands the "second sight" of Parnassus, and a portion of that delicate enthusiasm, under the influence of which the author wrote, before we can claim the character of competent judges. Mr. Scott fairly eludes all criticism. We are charmed in defiance of argument; the tale, whether silly or not, is lost in the beauty of its narration. In his preface to the poem, he boldly informs his reader, that "the description of scenery and manners was more his object than the combined and regular narrative." If it were allowable to an author to have said more, he might have added, that the strength of his genius compensated for every defect of his plan. Should a straw on the surface of a rapid current be possessed of human intellect, it is not for that poor thing to determine the impetuosity of its course; but it must submit to be whirled about at the caprice of the cataract.

Beside the bold and obtrusive beauties of the poem, there are others less striking, which may fairly be denominated poetical *violets*. Unlike some of our modern bards, who deem it the perfection of poetry to write what no one can understand, the metaphors of Mr. Scott do not dazzle out of sight the subject they were destined to illuminate. On the contrary, they diffuse a coy and reluctant kind of splendour that flash on the opacity of the object, and expire.

We will not detain the reader by a long enumeration of the foibles (for such are undoubtedly to be found) in this beautiful work. It may be observed in general, that Scott sometimes loses the character of a Border Knight, and by following too faithfully the original, presents us with the *Robber*. When Deloraine, for instance, is desired by the lady of the castle not to read the book, that he is commanded to obtain from the tomb of Michael Scott, he replies :

"And safer by none may thy errand be done,  
Than, noble dame, by me;  
Letter nor line know I never a one,  
Wer't my neck verse at Hairibee."

The author subjoins in a note, that "Hairibee is the place of executing the Border marauders; that the *neck verse* is the beginning of the fifty first psalm, anciently read *by criminals claiming the benefit of clergy*." Here the character of the knight is degraded to an intimate acquaintance with the gibbet, and the artificial dignity conferred by the muse dissolves in a moment.

R.



## FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

## JOURNAL OF A TOUR FROM CADIZ TO SEVILLE.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

THE late unfortunate reverses of the Spanish arms have rendered it probable that I shall not continue much longer in Spain. This I regret exceedingly on many accounts, one and not the least of which is that I have seen much less than I wished of the country. I have only been a few leagues round about Cadiz, excepting one excursion which I made some weeks since into the interior as far as Seville. As I know that whatever concerns me will interest my dear sister, I will give you a short history of my journey thither; though if you expect any very extraordinary or very entertaining adventures, you will, I fear, be disappointed.

Seville was formerly reckoned in point of size, and is still, in many respects, the second city in the kingdom. The Spaniards have a proverb among them, "Quien no ha visto Sevilla, no ha visto una maravilla;" or as we should *do* it into English, "he who has not seen Seville has not seen one of the seven wonders." I determined at all events from the first not to leave Spain without seeing a place so remarkable; and lest the troops of king Joseph should be there before me, I resolved not to delay my intention until it was too late, as I might never have another opportunity.

Several of my acquaintance having the same wish, we were accordingly not long in forming a party for the purpose. We set out on our expedition one afternoon, about five o'clock. Having obtained our passports and gone through the necessary forms, we embarked at the quay and crossed over to the town of Port St. Mary, which lies on the opposite side of the bay of Cadiz. Passage boats pass and repass at all hours. The distance across the bay is five miles. It was late when we sailed, and there was so little wind, that we did not arrive at the Port until the dusk of the evening.

As soon as we set foot on shore, our trunks, portmanteaus, &c. were seized by the custom-house officers, who in this country, like so many sharks, are ever on the watch for prey, and who would have proceeded immediately to ascertain whether they contained any contraband articles, if, in order to avoid the delay and inconvenience (not to say hazard) of having our shirts and handkerchiefs tumbled about, we had not made use of the universal recipe. These are a species of gentry, whose consciences are easily satisfied on this score. They are not troubled with many "compunctious visitings;" and their anxiety, lest the king should be defrauded, is sure to be quelled by the glimpse of one of his pictures.

No sooner had we run the gauntlet through these harpies of the revenue, and rescued our goods and chattels from their clutches, than we found ourselves surrounded by a posse of boys and negroes, yelping and fighting with each other in the strife to carry some part of our equipage. We were obliged to have all our eyes about us to protect our property and to keep the villains at bay. In addition to our calamities, a tribe of *caleseros*, and muleteers, apprized of our arrival, pressed forward, vociferating, elbowing the crowd, bellowing and almost stunning us with their offers of service. When we had extricated ourselves, which was effected with no little difficulty, from these obliging gentlemen, we adjusted the business to our satisfaction, and hired three *calesas* to take us as far as Xerez, two Spanish leagues, or eight miles distant.

By the time we were seated in our vehicles, it was quite late. The night was very dark and cloudy, and the moon had not risen. We had been so strongly cautioned, previous to leaving Cadiz, to be on our guard against robbers, that we were all amply provided with arms and accoutrements. We loaded and primed our pistols, when the cavalcade set forward. The muleteers expressed such apprehension from the darkness of the night, and related so many stories of recent robberies, that we anticipated a certain attack. Our expectations were however disappointed. Whether so formidable a body (there being six of us, besides three muleteers) alarmed the lurking depredators, or whether there were really any, I cannot say: be it however as it may, we travelled unmolested, no such persons having made their appearance; though doubtless we injured many an honest man by taking him for a robber, for we sagaciously pronounced every person without exception that we met on the road to be one. We all felt fully persuaded, that had the occasion offered, we should have made a most valorous defence. Our conversation for some hours after our arrival at Xerez was on the subject of the feats of heroism, which we were *so near* displaying: like the ancestor of Sir Roger de Coverly, who narrowly escaped being killed in the battle of Worcester, had he not luckily been sent on a message to a distant part of the country *the day before*.

After labouring for nearly three hours over a most execrable road, notwithstanding the tax laid upon those who pass it, we reached in safety the place of our destination. We alighted at the principal inn, which was called *Posada de la consolacion*, or in English, the "Hotel of consolation;" a name, alas! like many others, whose application experience proved to us not to be the most just. Our first care was to inspect the beds, and to order our hostess to get supper ready without delay.

Xerez, (or as it is generally termed in English *Sherries*) is a handsome town, containing between 30 and 40,000 inhabitants. It is particularly famous for producing the well known wine,



which bears its name (*Sherry*). Mr. Gordon, a Scotch gentleman, who has resided above thirty years in the country, has in this place one of the richest and most extensive wine establishments in Europe. We had not been many minutes at the inn, when a nephew of Mr. Gordon, with whom I was well acquainted, heard of our arrival and called to see us. He immediately despatched a servant to bring us a few bottles of his oldest vintage for supper, a favour for which we were not a little grateful; and he pressed us so hard to pass the next day at Xerez, that after some little debate, we resolved to abandon our first design of proceeding early in the morning, and to accept his invitation. This plan we adopted more willingly, as it would give us an opportunity of visiting *La Cartusa*, (the Carthusian convent) situated about a league from town, which we were very desirous to see.

As soon as we got up next morning, we called at Mr. Gordon's for our friend. He was not at the house; a servant however conducted us to a neat and elegant little edifice, which Mr. Gordon has erected for the accommodation of his numerous visitors, and which is styled Bachelor's Hall. It was here that his nephew had taken up his quarters. Before breakfast we took a stroll round the town, and visited the extensive vaults and immense establishments of Mr. Gordon. The property he possesses I cannot attempt to calculate. The stores alone, without estimating the wine with which they are filled, are valued at 200,000*l.* sterling. He has carpenters, smiths, coopers, wheelwrights, &c. on his own demesnes, who are constantly employed. Most of his head workmen are either English or Scotchmen.

Xerez contains several spacious streets, and some very elegant houses. A great number of the nobility reside in the town and its vicinity. There are sixteen or seventeen monasteries, besides many other churches. A building, which, in ancient times, when Spain was divided among different monarchs, was a royal palace, is still unimpaired, and the ruins of a Moorish castle and walls yet exist.

At breakfast, we met Mrs. Gordon and her daughter, who has recently been married to a young colonel in the Spanish service. They are both very fine women. Mrs. Gordon is a Spanish lady, and it is easy to trace in her features the remains of beauty. She speaks no English. Her daughter, however, who was educated in England, speaks the language perfectly.

Soon after breakfast, we ordered horses and calesas, and set off on our jaunt to the Carthusian convent, where we arrived in little more than half an hour. The convent is situated in a delightful spot, on the declivity of a hill, commanding a very extensive prospect. The architecture is gothick, and as we approached, the effect was very noble and magnificent. The gate, through which we entered into the outer court yard, is a

most beautiful structure. It is adorned by a number of Corinthian columns and several very fine statues.

No description of mine could convey an adequate idea of the grandeur of this edifice, or of its interior splendour. We had a letter to the *Procurador*, who is a relation of Mrs. Gordon, but he was unfortunately so much occupied that he was unable to attend us. We consequently had no one to accompany us over the different apartments and chapels, who could explain to us the various paintings with which the walls were adorned. By this means our visit lost much of its interest. Murillo, Velasques, and the greatest masters of the Spanish school have employed their pencils in its decoration. In the principal chapel, the architecture of which is very similar to the famous chapel of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey, lies interred the body of the founder, Don Albano Oberto Senbaleto. On the stone over his sepulchre is engraven the figure of a knight clad in armour, with a short Latin inscription, giving an account of the valour and piety of this holy warrior. It seems that, tired of battles and tumult, he determined to dedicate his riches to the erection of this convent, and to pass the remainder of his days in seclusion from the world. We were shewn the plates, out of which the pious founder ate, and the pitcher which supplied him with water during the period it was building. They are hung up as trophies. It was completed, as appears, in 1482. This is the principal convent of the Carthusian order, and the richest in Spain. The wealth it contains is said to be above two millions of dollars. There are 2 or 3000 acres of land adjacent, belonging to the convent, in high cultivation.

Next to the order of *La Trappe*, the Carthusian is the most austere. The monks have no intercourse or communication with each other, except on one day in the week. On this day they assemble in the hall and partake of their simple repast together. At this time only do they speak. The other days of the week they pass in solitude and silence. Shut up in their gloomy cells, they neither see nor hear the voice of any human being. Even the hand which furnishes their one daily meal of fish and vegetables, and their jug of water, is concealed. They are allowed to keep no cat or dog, nor any living animal, lest their thoughts should be diverted from heavenly objects. *No woman* can cross the threshold of the convent under *pain of death!*

The centre court yard, or quadrangle, is surrounded with cypresses, and is appropriated to the burial of the dead. A beautiful gothick piazza is built along the four walls. Under this are the friars' cells. The walls and ceilings of the piazza were once adorned with sumptuous paintings, which, from time and exposure to the vicissitudes of the weather, have now nearly all mouldered away. The convent contains an infinite number of cells and cloisters, though the monks have now dwindled to



between thirty and forty. It is not improbable that they will ere long become extinct, as it is said no one can enter the order without bringing with him a considerable portion of wealth; and it does not appear from the observations I have made, that a predilection for a monastick life gains ground with either of the sexes.

The spot on which the convent is erected is very beautiful; below there is a lovely and fertile valley, intersected with vineyards, olive plantations, groves of lemons, oranges, limes, fig-trees and all the fruits of this fine climate; the extensive, cultivated farms of the convent which stretch around agreeably diversify the prospect, and hedges of myrtle and oleander and aromattick shrubs contribute their aid to captivate the senses. As my eye rested on the surrounding scenery, I could not avoid reflecting for a moment with melancholy sensations on the strange inconsistency and infatuation of man. The poor beings who vegetate in these cloisters have no delight in the contemplation of nature. Immured in solitude, and secluded from the converse of their fellow men, their existence passes away in one dull, tedious round of self-denial and suffering. Yet, if any thing could induce a man disgusted with the world to *turn monk*, it would be, I think, to live in this spot. After we had gratified our curiosity in viewing the objects of this extraordinary place, we prepared to return to Xerez, not however until we had paid a visit to the stables. They contained a number of very fine animals. The horses of Andalusia were formerly reckoned the handsomest in Europe. They surpass all the others of Spain at present, and those belonging to the convent are said to be in particular the choicest breed in the kingdom.

We arrived time enough to take dinner at Mr. Gordon's, and after passing the afternoon very pleasantly, we made arrangements for pursuing our journey the next morning. Finding, on inquiry, that unless we set out at day break, we could not reach Seville before night, we determined therefore to proceed no farther than *La Brija*, a town about five and twenty miles from Xerez, on the following day. This they informed us was the only place on the road where it would be possible to meet with any thing in the shape of an inn. Accordingly having made an ample provision of articles for eating and drinking, (it being always an indispensable precaution for travellers in Spain who are averse to starving, to lay in a stock beforehand) we took our departure about ten o'clock in the morning.

Five or six miles from Xerez we passed through part of the farm belonging to Mr. Gordon. He has between 2 and 3000 acres under cultivation, and has introduced on his grounds many improvements in agriculture. His example has however as yet met with but few followers. The Spaniards are so wedded to their old habits that it requires an almost supernatural influence to produce a change. He has on his lands several farmers

from Scotland, who make use of the English plough and harrow. The latter useful instrument they are unacquainted with in this country. The Spanish plough is of a very rude construction. The share is of wood and is of the same piece with the sheet and handle. Oxen are solely employed in tillage and draft. They are ignorant of the flail, and have neither barns for threshing or housing the grain. The corn is trod out by cattle in the open fields.

(To be continued.)

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## SILVA, No. 57.

Pinea silva mihi multos dilecta per annos.

Virg. ix. En. 85.

### THEATRE DE L'HERMITAGE.

CATHERINE II. after her return from the Crimea, had a private theatre constructed in that part of her palace, at St. Petersburg, which is called the Hèrmitage. She collected a small but excellent company of French actors; and the pieces which were in French, and all written for this theatre, were performed, in the years 1787, 1788, before her and the persons who composed her intimate society. The collection forms two octavo volumes, and was published at Paris from a copy, which was one of a small number made by her order. The pieces, except one tragedy, by Segur, entitled *Coriolanus*, are mostly in one or two acts. They were composed by the empress herself; count Cobentzel, ambassadour of the emperour of Germany; count Segur, ambassadour of France; the prince de Ligne, an Austrian general; Momonof, the favourite of Catherine; count Strogonof, senator; Iwan Schwalof, great chamberlain; d'Estat, a Frenchman, attached to the empress's cabinet; and the daughter of Aufrene, a celebrated comedian.

Five of the peices were written by the empress. One of them, which dramatizes the fable of the Fox and the Raven, was in consequence of a wager that she could produce a piece, or as most of them are called, a *Proverbe*, from that fable. The last piece by the empress is taken from early Russian history, and is called an imitation of Shakespeare. But it serves principally to prove that a great empress was but a poor imitator of Shakespeare.

The following extract is from the *Ridiculous Lover*, by the prince de Ligne. *M. de Bonaccord* is about concluding a marriage for his daughter, and takes the advice of two of his friends, one of whom being very absent, and catching only part of what is said by the other, always gives contradictory advice. After discussing a number of characters in this manner, *M. de Bonaccord* says,



"It was proposed to me to marry her to an Englishman.

*M. Raisonville.* Heaven preserve you from it! more pensive than thoughtful, more hollow than profound, talking little, often through want of imagination.

*M. de Bonconseil.* Yes, look at Milton and Shakespeare, sometimes exaggerated, but always discovering genius.

*M. Raisonville.* With a great deal of harshness, and sadness in their character.

*M. de Bonconseil.* Yes, a great deal of character, brave fellows in war, sure in friendship, noble and beneficent, without duplicity, and always with some amiable singularity that is only suitable to themselves, &c.

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HEBREW.

A monk, who served his society in quality of librarian, was required to form a catalogue of the books. He succeeded very well, until he took up a Hebrew author, of which language he was completely ignorant, and was for a long time at a loss to describe the volume. At length he inserted it in the catalogue, as a book, which had the beginning where the end should be.

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The following lines, strange as such an encomium from such an author, and from such a poem, on the martyr Charles, may appear, are taken from a copy of verses, addressed and presented by Andrew Marvell to the Lord Protector Cromwell, entitled, "An Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's return from Ireland."

While round the armed bands  
Did clap their bloody hands,  
He nothing common did or mean,  
Upon that memorable scene;  
But with his keener eye,  
The axe's edge did try,  
Nor call'd the gods with vulgar spite  
To vindicate his helpless right,  
But bow'd his comely head  
Down as upon a bed.

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SIR RICHARD STEELE.

To the anecdotes which Johnson mentions in his life of Savage, respecting Sir R. Steele, the following related by Bisset may be added, as worthy of preservation. When out of place, and of course when his finances were low, Sir Richard

formed a project for converting a hall in his house into a theatre for reciting passages from the best authors ancient and modern ; but, as usual, neglected to calculate whether his purse could bear the expense. When completed, Steele was delighted with its elegance and splendour ; and wishing to know whether it was as well calculated to convey sound as it was to please the eye, desired his carpenter to go to a pulpit at one end of the room and pronounce some sentences, while he himself at the other should judge of the effect. The awkward mechanick having taken his place, declared himself at a loss how to begin, or what to say. Sir Richard told him to speak whatever was uppermost in his mind. The carpenter was no longer in doubt, but in a distinct and audible voice called out : " Sir Richard Steele, here has I and these here men been doing your work for three months, and never seen the colour of your money. When are you to pay us ? I cannot pay my journeymen without money, and money I must have." Sir Richard replied that he was delighted with the oratory, but by no means approved the subject.

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OLD FASHIONED ORTHOGRAPHY,

AND A STRONG MEMORY.

THE following title of a book published towards the latter end of the sixteenth century, shows the difference between the mode of spelling the English language in that age and in this.

A Replie vnto M. Hardinges Ansvveare : by perusinge whereof the discrete, and diligent Reader may easily see, the weake and vnstable groundes of the Romaine Religion, whiche of late hath beene accompted Catholique. By John Jewell Bishoppe of Salisburie. 3. Esdrae. 4. Magna est Veritas, et prevalet. Greate is the truth, and preuaileth. Ex Edicto Imperatorum Valentin. et Martiani, in Concil. Chalcedon. Actione. 3. Qui post semel inuentam veritatem aliud quaerit, Mendacium quaerit, non veritatem. After the truth is once founde, who so euer seeketh further, he seeketh not for the truth, but for a lie. Imprinted at London in Fleetestreate, at the signe of the Blacke Eliphante, by Henry Wykes. Anno. 1565. With special Priuilege.

This antique title would hardly deserve place as a curiosity, if it did not also remind one of the author's memory, which was astonishingly quick and tenacious. It is affirmed of this Bishop Jewell, that he could always repeat exactly whatever he had written ; that he would get a sermon by heart whilst the bell was ringing ; and that the greatest noise or confusion in his room was no impediment to the exercise of his memory. Dr. Packhurst, his old tutor, tried him once with the most difficult



words in the Calendar, and found him equal to his pretensions. Bishop Hooper proposed to him forty Welsh, Irish, and foreign words, which on once reading only, and a short recollection, Jewell recited correctly both backward and forward.

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DRYDEN.

THE attack upon the immorality of the stage by Jeremy Collier and Sir Richard Blackmore is, perhaps, the most memorable era in the history of the English drama. In this honest and undistinguishing attack upon theatrical profligacy, Dryden bore a considerable share of rough treatment, and though he revolted at Blackmore's indiscriminate censure, yet to the chastisement of the rude Jeremy, in the spirit of a gentleman and a Christian, he replied: "I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he taxed me justly, and I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts and expressions of mine, which may truly be argued of obscenity, profaneness or immorality, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, as I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance. It becomes me not to draw my pen in the defence of a bad cause, when I have so often drawn it for a good one." Immediately after this controversy Dryden died, and on that event the following lines were printed, having reference to the abuse of Blackmore and Collier.

John Dryden enemies had three,  
Sir Dick, Old Nick and Jeremy:  
The doughty knight was forc'd to yield,  
The other two have kept the field;  
But, had his life been something holier,  
He'd foil'd the devil and the Collier.

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FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

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REMARKS ON ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF THE ROMAN POETS.

No. 8.

.....Quid Lucretii tibi prosunt carmina lecta?

PROPERTIUS,

BEFORE commenting on the translations of *Lucretius de rerum natura*, it is impossible to withhold a few remarks on the subject and tendency of his poem. Though the writer is not compelled by any promise, to analyse in these numbers ori-

ginal productions, he would forfeit the virtue and purity of a christian character, were he not here to call forth the best prejudices of his readers against the worst of books\*. It is well known that the poem of Lucretius is a continued display of the atheistical tenets of Epicurus, whose doctrines were in a considerable degree prevalent in the time of our poet, and whose philosophy in that period seems to have passed without censure.

It will be thought unnecessary perhaps to caution the learned and intelligent against a poison which is never concealed, and which, though offered freely, is recommended rather by sophistry than by argument, and urged upon us more by vehemence than by the common arts of persuasion. Lucretius wrote like a man confident of the truth of his system, and with a boldness of assertion, which in some cases rises into contempt of laborious ratiocination. They who believe revelation upon evidence, and erect truth on the foundation of inquiry, will sometimes smile at the temerity of his dogmas, and often be amused with the excess of his credulity. His biographers have asserted that he wrote during the intervals of an intermittent madness†. If his malady were in some measure habitual, it will account for that occasional extravagance, which demands neither the force of argument to confute his positions, nor the power of reproach to bring the author and his opinions into contempt.

The poem of Lucretius is divided into six books. In the first, he endeavours to prove the eternity of matter; assuming this as a principle:

Nullam rem e nihilo gigni divinitus unquam.

i. 151.

He does not however attempt to prove the eternal existence of the world in its present form, nor of animated nature in its present perfection. Certain seminal, indivisible substances are supposed to be the eternal *leasts*, from which every thing has sprung, and gradually advanced to a perfect state‡. To sub-

\* A good antidote against the poison of the principles of Lucretius is to be found in a poem, called *Anti-Lucretius*, by Cardinal Polignac; which has been translated into French by M. de Bougainville.

† See among other authorities *Fabricii Bib. Lat. tom. i. p. 49.*

‡ The following lines in *Darwin's Temple of Nature*, though not borrowed from any particular passage of Lucretius, are founded in the same vague and unsatisfactory principle that he adopts.

Organick life beneath the shoreless waves  
Was born, and nursed in ocean's pearly caves;  
First forms minute, unseen by spherick glass,  
Move on the mud, or pierce the watery mass;  
These, as successive generations bloom,  
New powers acquire, and larger limbs assume;



stance, thus accounted for, is added *void* ; and weight, heat, and the like, together with all moral, civil, or natural good or evil, are considered properties, events, or adjuncts of body and void. These corpuscles or least original substances are, according to his system, infinite in number and extent ; and hence, the supposition that the universe has a centre, is ridiculed as a vagary of weak philosophers. Before concluding this book the author, by way of episode, intimates with complacency his successful combination of profound philosophy and polished verse ; boasts of illuminating a dark subject by the clearness and brilliancy of his elocution ; and conceives that he has compelled the muses to entwine his brow with a crown of fresh flowers, more magnificent, than any that has ever adorned the temples of an illustrious poet.

In the second book is continued the same jargon concerning seeds, from which every thing is produced. To these seeds, notwithstanding the denial of any bounds or centre to the universe, is ascribed motion, and motion *downwards* ; but it requires a wiser man than the poet to explain what is meant by *up* and *down*, in his chaos of atoms. It is amusing however to see in description the confusion, the collision, and strife of these seeds, thus infinite in number and in destination.

Figure is another attribute ascribed to these seeds ; and from their different shapes are said to arise the varieties of taste, such as sweet, bitter, &c. so that if man should happen to have been formed (which was probably the case according to this system) before all these seeds, pregnant with mighty things, had produced their offspring, he might, unconscious of the deed, have swallowed as well a fragment of a planet, a mammoth, or a whale, as a particle of sand, or the smallest insect. The infinite seeds, having these properties of motion and figure, compose infinite worlds ; some of which are occasionally increased by the accession of seeds from infinite space, or diminished and even destroyed by their escape.

Having in his own view justly explained the nature and properties of atoms, and, under the veil of a panegyrick upon Epicurus, boasted of proving that the world originated from a fortuitous concourse of atoms, without the agency of the gods, and thus also of delivering men from the fear of the gods, of death, and future punishment, he proceeds in the third book to shew that the mind and soul are a part of man, in the same way as the feet, hands, &c. ; and not a vital habit of the body, as some philosophers maintained. The mind is considered as

Whence countless groups of vegetation spring,  
And breathing realms of fin, and feet, and wing.

Canto. 1. b. 295. &c.

If Lucretius had been a chemist, we should probably have found many kindred characteristicks between him and this modern disciple of Epicurus.

seated in the heart, and the soul diffused through the whole body ; the mind being the great agent that touches the soul, and the soul that which moves the body. After thus clearing the way, he attempts to prove by a variety of arguments, that the soul is born with the body, and dies with it. This he thinks a very consoling doctrine : but many of the heathen philosophers thought differently ; and we may imagine with Milton, that even an infernal spirit cannot contemplate *annihilation* without horror :

To be no more ; sad cure ! for who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
Devoid of sense and motion ?

In the fourth book, the poet enters upon the dispute respecting the sensation of animals both waking and sleeping. This sensation is described as produced by images exceedingly tenuous and subtile, that are constantly flowing from the surfaces of bodies. These images are accordingly borne through the air with prodigious velocity, and are invisible, except when reflected from mirrors or water\*. The next descends to a minute discussion concerning the senses, especially concerning vision, and makes them the infallible discoverers of truth. He then touches upon imagination and dreams, and examines several curious problems relating to impressions on the mind during sleep.

Having treated at the beginning of the poem of the production of the world, Lucretius endeavours to prove, in the fifth book, that the world itself, with all its contents, is mortal. He afterwards gives in detail what little false astronomy he was master of ; ridicules the fabulous stories of monsters and prodigies ; and concludes the book with an account of man emerg-

\* By the extreme minuteness of these images, and their swift motion, Lucretius accounts for all those monsters that have been imagined to exist. For example :

.....Certe ex vivo Centauri non fit imago :  
Nulla fuit quoniam talis natura animalis.  
Verum ubi equi atque hominis casu convenit imago,  
Haerescit facile extemplo..... L. iv. 743. &c.

The image of a centaur never flew  
From living centaurs ; never nature knew  
Nor bred such animals : but when by chance,  
An image of a man, in various dance,  
Did meet a horse, they both combined in one.

CREECH.



ing from barbarity, acquiring the use of language, and the knowledge of various useful and polite arts\*.

The last book is employed chiefly in physical investigations, and attempts to account for several phenomena of nature. The poet touches upon the cause and origin of plagues and diseases, and concludes his poem with an interesting description of the plague that raged at Athens, and almost desolated Attica, in the time of the Peloponnesian war.

Such is a very general outline of this singular poem ; which I have been induced to give, because many scholars, well read in the ancient classicks, have not had the hardihood to enter upon the abstruse parts of what is justly considered a dry series of didactick writing. The work of Lucretius is indeed here and there enlivened by a brilliant sally of wit, and even the most uninteresting parts are sometimes relieved by a beautiful allusion or a pleasing illustration ; but the great body of the poem will never be read for amusement or instruction. It is not the absurdities of his cosmogony, that occasion any apprehensions concerning the effect of his writings : the ridicule which is every where cast upon the doctrine of a providence, and the very laboured arguments to prove the mortality of the soul, are what the unwary reader should be chiefly warned against.

The general merit of the poem under consideration was allowed by the learned, while little was said either in praise or in censure of his philosophy. Ovid, a contemporary, predicted the perennial glory of his verse, in language as strong as the Roman character†. Quintilian however allows him but a mixed

\* A summary of this part of Lucretius's system is comprised in a few lines of a satire of Horace, L. 1. Sat. 3. v. 97. Which is thus ingeniously paraphrased by Dr. Beattie.

When men out of the earth of old,  
A dumb and beastly vermin crawled,  
For acorns first and holes of shelter,  
They tooth and nail and helter-skelter  
Fought fist to fist ; then with a club  
Each learned his brother brute to drub ;  
Till more experienced grown, these cattle  
Forged fit accoutrements for battle.  
At last (Lucretius says, and Creech)  
They set their wits to work on speech ;  
And that their thoughts might all have marks  
To make them known, these learned clerks  
Left off the trade of cracking crowns,  
And manufactured verbs and nouns.

† Carmina sublimis tum sunt peritura Lucreti,  
Exitio terras cum dabit una dies.

kind of praise, and censures him for obscurity\*. There are, it must be admitted, parts of Lucretius that vie with the numbers of the best bards in the best days of Rome. But a didactic poem, founded on the reveries of Democritus and Epicurus, must be generally dull, often obscure, and sometimes very doubtful in the sense, if not wholly unintelligible. Yet it has been a favourite employment of some men to enter the lists in favour of Lucretius. They represent him no less pure in morals, and captivating in manner, than Homer, and Virgil, and Ovid. Dryden however, who is also his panegyrist, allows that "the barrenness of his subject constrains the quickness of his fancy."

Virgil has been charged with copying from Lucretius not peculiar beauties only, but phrases and lines†: and the believers in transmigration have been ready to think, that the soul of Lucretius had another period for improvement in the days in which Virgil survived him. Tacitus speaks of a class of men, who prefer Lucilius to Horace, and Lucretius to Virgil‡. Few of this class are now to be found; for we delight rather to follow Eneas through his fabulous but instructive adventures, than to pursue a disciple of Epicurus through the wild and wearisome vagaries of a false and impious philosophy.

Lucretius died probably about the time that Virgil was born. His style is considered pure; but he complains of the poverty of the Latin language in terms of philosophy§.

In the next number I shall offer some remarks upon the translations from Lucretius.

\* *Macer et Lucretius legendi quidem, sed non ut phrasin, id est corpus eloquentiae faciunt; elegantes in sua quisque materia; sed alter humilis, alter difficilis.* QUINT. a ROL. p. 292.

† *Dryden's Miscellanies*; preface to vol. 2.

‡ *Neminem nominabo, genus hominum signasse contentus, qui Lucilium pro Horatio, et Lucretium pro Virgilio legunt.*

TAC. de Orat.

§ There are some peculiarities in Lucretius; such as a fondness for compounded words; of which occur the following: *Frondefer, silvifragus, fluctifragus, volgivagus, montivagus, subterteuantur*, &c. Several examples of *tmesis* also occur: as, *seque gregari, qua vi cunque* &c. And he is not wholly free from the use of epithets, that do not add to the meaning of the noun: as *Tranquilla pax, Calidus aestus*, &c.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

## ANOTHER "CASTLE IN THE AIR."

TO MARY.

"TO me, like Phidias, were it given,  
"To form from clay the man sublime ;  
"And like Prometheus, steal from heaven  
"The animating spark divine."

Thus once in rhapsody you cried ;  
As for complexion, form, and air,  
No matter what, if thought preside,  
And fire and feeling mantle there.

Deep on the tablets of his mind,  
Be learning, science, taste, imprest ;  
Let piety a refuge find  
Within the foldings of his breast.

Let him have suffered much....since we  
Alas ! are early doom'd to know,  
All human virtue we can see  
Is only perfected through wo.

Purer th' ensuing breeze we find,  
When whirlwinds first the skies deform ;  
And hardier grows the mountain hind,  
Bleaching beneath the wintry storm.

But, above all, may heaven impart  
That talent, which completes the whole ;  
The finest, and the *rarest* art,  
To analyse a woman's soul.

WOMAN ! that happy, wretched thing !  
Of causeless smile, of nameless sigh ;  
So oft, whose joys unbidden spring,  
So oft, who weeps, she knows not why.

Her piteous griefs ; her joys so gay ;  
All that afflicts, and all that cheers ;  
All her erratick fancy's play ;  
Her flutt'ring hopes, her trembling fears.

With passions chasten'd, not subdued,  
Let dull inaction stupid reign ;  
Be his the ardour of the good,  
Their loftier thought, and nobler aim.

Firm as the tow'ring bird of Jove,  
 The mightiest shocks of life to bear ;  
 Yet gentle as the captive dove,  
 In social suffering to share.

If such there be, to such alone  
 Would I thy worth, belov'd ! resign ;  
 Secure, each bliss that time hath known,  
 Would consummate a lot like thine.

But if this gilded human scheme  
 Be but the pageant of the brain ;  
 Of such slight "stuff" as forms our "dream,"  
 Which, waking, we must seek in vain.

Each gift of nature and of art  
 Still lives within thyself enshrin'd ;  
 Thine are the blossoms of the heart,  
 And thine the scions of the mind !

And if the matchless wreath shall blend  
 With foliage other than its own ;  
 Or, destin'd not its sweets to lend,  
 Shall flourish for thyself alone :

Still cultivate the plants with care ;  
 From weeds, from thorns, oh keep them free :  
 Till ripen'd for a purer air,  
 They bloom in immortality !

---

HORACE, ODE 11. LIB. I.

Tu ne quaesieris, scire nefas, &c.

Seek not Leuconoe, with anxious care,  
 To know what fate the gods prepare  
 For me or thee ; nor vainly try,  
 By magick charms the future to descry.

But wiser far, receive with dauntless breast  
 Whate'er each hour may bring, as best ;  
 Whether great Jove shall grant thee more,  
 Or thy last winter lash the Tuscan shore.

Then quaff your wine, contract your hopes, be wise ;  
 E'en while we speak, the moment flies ;  
 Trust not the morrow, seize to day,  
 And pluck life's flowers e'er yet they fade away.

C.



To the Epicureanism of the preceding Ode I have endeavoured to  
give a christian turn in the following

IMITATION.

1. Ah do not seek, my dearest friend,  
With anxious care to know  
Or how, or when, thy life shall end,  
Or what thy fate below.
2. The same kind Power, that gave thee breath,  
Still holds thee in his hand ;  
And when he bids thee sleep in death,  
All wise is his command.
3. The power, whose watchful goodness feeds  
The warblers of the air,  
And clothes with flowers the smiling meads,  
Shalt thou not be his care ?
4. If lengthen'd years thy life should crown,  
Then be his praise express'd ;  
Or if in this he cut the down,  
Still what he does is best.
5. The bounties, every hour supplies,  
Receive with grateful mind ;  
And, when thy fairest pleasure dies,  
Be humble and resign'd.
6. Contract your hopes ; how short at best  
The term of earthly bliss ?  
Let brighter worlds fill all thy breast ;  
We are but born in this.
7. How swift our moments steal away,  
E'en while we speak they fly :  
Trust not the morrow, seize to day,  
And only live to die.

C.

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ANACREON TO THE PAINTER OF HIS MISTRESS.

MATCHLESS Painter, skill'd to trace  
The mimick form with added grace,  
Who to wax hast power to give  
Shades that speak, and looks that live ;  
Master of the Rhodian art,  
Come, and to thy wax impart  
Every trait, and every grace  
Of my Thais' form and face.  
Absent though my charmer be,  
Paint her just as bid by me.

First her tresses pencil true,  
 Soft, and of a jetty hue ;  
 And, if the waxen tablet may,  
 Make it breathe as sweet as they.  
 Next, beneath her auburn hair,  
 O'er a cheek that's full and fair,  
 Let a beauteous forehead rise,  
 That in white with ivory vies.  
 Then the eyebrows, while between  
 A little space is faintly seen,  
 Sketch them verging to unite,  
 Nor divide, nor blend them quite.  
 And like her, the nymph design'd,  
 With her brows thus faintly join'd,  
 Let the faithful painting show  
 The dark, long lashes sketch'd below.  
 Paint her to the life entire,  
 Glancing round her looks of fire ;  
 Like Minerva's, let her eye  
 Match the azure of the sky ;  
 Like Cytherea's, make it too  
 Moist, and sparkling, as the dew.  
 Then o'er the tablet, duly spread  
 Mingled shades of white and red,  
 Till a fair complexion glows  
 Of blended milk with blushing rose.  
 Paint her lips of vermil hue,  
 Warm and moist with fragrant dew,  
 Like Pitho's, form'd for am'rous bliss,  
 Challenging a melting kiss.  
 Underneath her dimpled chin,  
 Cloth'd with soft transparent skin,  
 And round her neck of seemly height,  
 As alabaster smooth and white,  
 Let the graces all be seen  
 Flitting, as with beauty's queen.  
 And the portrait to complete,  
 Array her plain, and simply neat,\*  
 In purple robes of faintest shade,  
 With little nakedness display'd.  
 Be her faultless form express'd,  
 And fancy leave to guess the rest.  
 'Tis enough ; methinks I see  
 The speaking portrait smile on me.

H\*\*\*\*\*.

\* Simplex munditiis.

Hor.



# THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR

NOVEMBER, 1809.

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Librum tuum legi et quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quae commutanda, quae eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. PLIN.

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## ART. 13.

*Works of Fisher Ames, compiled by a number of his friends, to which are prefixed notices of his life and character. Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit. Boston, T. B. Wait & Co. 1809, 8vo. 519 pages.*

OUR country has, perhaps, never produced a man more distinguished than Fisher Ames, for that facility and felicity of intellectual conception, which men denominate genius. On whatever subject, or in whatever situation his mind was called into action, its track was, in an extraordinary degree, luminous and elevated. Whether he wrote or conversed, whether the object of his thought was abstruse or familiar, whether it had relation to the great exigencies of nations, or to the ordinary concerns of private life, the splendour evolved in its course scarce ever failed to excite the delight or the wonder of beholders. Those who would not follow, were compelled to admire; those, who coincided in his opinions, were filled with mingled emotions of joy and gratitude for the light and truth which he shed. His genius irradiated the path of his public life with a brilliancy which has not yet faded, and which will never fade from the recollection of his cotemporaries.

There was also in the private life of this man a purity, and in his manner a sweetness, which won the affections, and fixed an interest in the heart, which mere mind seldom seeks, and of itself never acquires. It was impossible for any one to hold frequent converse with him, without perceiving his own standard of moral sentiment elevating, and his intellectual horizon becoming purer and more extensive. For to familiar observers of the character of Ames the exceeding delicacy of its

moral texture was altogether as admirable, as were those bright corruscations of his fancy, which so much arrested the learned, as well as the vulgar gaze.

It is a natural wish to preserve what tokens remain of the genius and industry of a man, once so distinguished and esteemed, so beloved in life, so lamented in his untimely fate. To such a wish the publick are indebted for this volume. A tribute to his memory was required of his friends by publick sentiment, not less than by private attachment. They complied, and made a collection of his works; the best and most imperishable monument, which can be erected to the memory of a man of talents. By such memorials the contemporaries of eminent men deal faithfully by posterity. They put into the possession of the readers of after times the means of judging for themselves, concerning the intellect, conduct and principles of those, who are eminent in the present. They are thus enabled not only to form an estimate of the merit of the particular individuals, whose labours are transmitted to them, but also to mark the progress of opinion and improvement, and to judge of the literary and moral growth of successive periods of society.

But, although by posthumous collections the stock of knowledge is increased, and the means of acquaintance with the history of the times extended, yet it for the most part happens, that by publications of this description more advantage is gained to society and less justice done to the author than is hoped by his friends, or considered by the publick. On such occasions, many things will, necessarily, be brought into the power of the press, which the rigour of an author's judgment, of right despotick over his own work, would have denied. No man can choose for another with as discriminating an eye as he can select for himself. Enemies and rivals will censure whatever is admitted; friends and associates will repine if any thing be withheld. Productions incomplete and in an unchiselled state, if retained, invite the asperity of the malignant; if excluded, awaken the jealousy of the admirer. Corrections, which none, scarcely, in secret will venture to call improvements, many will openly denounce as mutilations. Much beauty necessarily falls a victim to the knife, when all is pruned off which fastidiousness deems excrescent. If real defect should happen to be lopped away, and the work become more sightly by being more regular, it also, unavoidably, becomes less interesting by being less characteristick.

Amid the difficulties in which those are involved, who undertake the task of posthumous selection, the friends of Mr. Ames have judiciously chosen the course of bringing his works faithfully before the publick, in all the different stages of perfection, in which the haste and eagerness of business permitted them at first to appear, and in which the destiny of the



author's life ordained they should at last be abandoned. In thus proceeding, they have shewn a wise confidence in the sympathetick sentiment of mankind. And on occasions of this kind those who exhibit the one never fail to realise the other. The world never yet judged with acrimony any moral or useful production of real genius, which had been denied, by the death of the author, its destined perfection. Though little inclined to listen to the apologies of living talent, censure is dumb, and criticism only sorrows at the effects of that mortal nature, in contemplating which all human pride is humble and all human power prostrate.

If, however, the author taken by surprise and unprepared, may in some sense be said to suffer, the publick in many may be said to gain. A better opportunity for knowledge of mind and motive is afforded. The writer is shewn, sometimes, in circumstances, in which he did not expect, in others, in which, perhaps, he did not wish to be seen. We are brought nearer to the level of the man and his purpose, form our opinions with more confidence, and trust the result of our judgment more implicitly. It is pleasant, and also not devoid of utility, to see the work of a distinguished mind, in an unfinished state; the scaffolding yet standing, the rude material not yet shaped, the solid parts in the early stages of wise fabrication, the ornamental in the bold outline, with which a felicitous fancy first conceived them. In proportion to the perfection, in respect of beauty and truth, in which the first thoughts appear, do we admire and estimate intellectual vigour. If it advance laboriously and by rule, we see intellect at its task, and learn how eminence is attained.

Upon the whole, therefore, we have little reason for regret, and none of censure, on account of the manner in which this work has been selected. That all parts should be perfect, it is not permitted our nature to require. That some afford opportunities for nice cavil, and might open occasion for malign criticism, cannot be denied. They are such, however, as, when considered in relation to the circumstances, in which the writings were produced and published, claim and will receive from the enlightened no asperity of censure. From envy, from rivalry, from party spirit, this work has nothing to hope and nothing to fear.

Notwithstanding the interest, which we shall not deny that we feel in the memory of this author, we shall endeavour, in estimating this volume, not to depart from truth, either by indiscriminate panegyrick, or by unmerited reproach. We are well aware of the ardour of political friendship, and the bitterness of political enmity, in the present state of our country. We shall take the judgment of neither as the measure, by which to regulate our reflections. These we shall make in connexion with principles, and in subserviency only to rules,

such as, we think, impartial men will apply, and by which their sentiments will be regulated, after the passions of this day shall have passed away, and we, and our dull politicks and more dull literature shall have been forgotten, or remembered only by reason of the light, which minds like this author's shed upon the scenes, in which they have been actors. For it requires little of a prophet's spirit, confidently to foretell, that to the latest period, in which any interest is preserved in the recent events of our history, this work will survive, as one of the most important of the few relicks of the learning and taste of our country at the present period.

The first circumstance, which strikes the mind in opening this volume, is the great portion of it occupied by essays originally published in newspapers. These avenues of information are often rendered so foul by the throng of vulgar and vapid disputants, which usually crowd into them, that nothing coming through them can seem wholly worthy and pure. We wonder, while we witness a mind like his, of such unquestionable superiority, condescending to commit its labours and its splendours to these transient vehicles of ephemeral influence. We are humbled, while we see him wrestling daily in the ring with the mud-stained combatants of party; zealous in contests, where for the most part victory is without honour, and defeat without disgrace. We instinctively ask, are these the fields, in which wreaths of immortality are won? Does the laurel spring out of the mire, and under the trampling of an election day? It cannot be too deeply lamented that so much of what posterity will know concerning the mind of this eminent man, they must perceive to have been produced by the stimulus of occasional interests, which perish from the memory, having in their nature nothing general to excite attention, or permanent to perpetuate curiosity. The party essays of Milton, Dryden, Steele, Addison, Swift, Bolingbroke and a host of others, men laborious and ingenious, are scarcely preserved, never diligently sought, and always obscurely remembered. So unavoidably and so fully do the passions of the passing times always occupy the living, that genius and industry can scarce preserve a dull and shortlived regard for those interests, which just as much and as necessarily occupied those, which preceded.

There is nothing permanently interesting but general truth. The inhabitants of every successive period of society have in their own day enough of falsehood to expose, of artifice to detect, and of crime to punish; they will have also particular principles and interests of their own to defend or advance; they, like us, will be too much occupied in what is present very deeply to consider what is past. They will enjoy the good and suffer the evil, which may be consequent on the correctness or mistake of preceding times, without very scrupulous inquiry after the detail of things of those periods, and without concern-



ing themselves much to apportion among former actors the honour of their felicity, or the disgrace of their misfortunes. If what is written has a tendency to illustrate essential principles, to lay more open to view the foundations of society, to show what is necessary and what adventitious to its strength or happiness, it may obtain a perpetuity in remembrance. But the eloquence which discomfited the wickedly aspiring, and the argument which exposed low deceit and common place cunning, will awaken little interest after the vain and noisy instruments of party shall have sunk into that oblivion, which, when they are not preserved as a warning, is their right and their portion.

Although these reflections have, at first utterance, a tendency to sadden the hearts and discourage the hopes of those, to whom the memory of their friend is precious, yet there are other considerations which widen and brighten the prospect of a long and desirable honour to his works; and which create no very doubtful expectations, that they will be received by after times, and cherished with more interest, than has been usually inspired by the works of men even of exalted genius, when labouring in the field of temporary politicks. Most men, absorbed by the particular occasion, resort to general truths for the sole purpose of obtaining topicks of illustration and enforcement. Mr. Ames, on the contrary, seemed more occupied by the general principle than the particular occasion. The labour of his mind appeared to be exerted rather upon the great truths, which his subject evolved, than on the individual purpose, which excited his researches. Just moral sentiments, and wise political axioms predominate over the transient nature of his topicks. His thoughts were bent, indeed, on temporary effect, but such was the grasp of his genius that his contemplations, for the most part, are elevated to the permanent relations of society and the universal nature of things. On this account they will be sought and cherished, long after the circumstances, which called them first into existence, shall have lost their name and remembrance.

Of a work so extensive as this, composed of many and independent exertions, growing out of the occasional exigencies of society, and particularly intended to serve its immediate interests, according to the writer's view of them, it is impossible in any general analysis to comprehend the features of all the parts. These have either a very slight, or no reference to one another. Each has a character of its own, which to elucidate truly and criticise justly requires special illustration, by enumerating the circumstances which called it into existence, and the temper of the times in which it appeared. These, however, are in their nature temporary and evanescent. Much of both have already gone from the memory. They demand, also, an attainment of minute and numerous particulars, which



would ill repay research, or reward collection. The object therefore, to which we shall limit ourselves in this attempt is, so to pass in review the leading principles, to which his writings converge, or in which, at different periods of his life, they seem to have originated, as to enable the reader to form a true estimate of his motives and projects ; and thence to judge of the integrity which predominated in the one, and the skill with which he strove to advance the other. In the former society has a deep, though incidental interest. For who does not feel that the honour of every association of men is intimately connected with that of its distinguished members ? In the latter are included whatever can interest or excite a community. They relate to the preservation of our liberty, to the security of our property, the continuance of our peace, the support of our constitution, and the maintenance of all that is dear to the individual, or of worth in the social compact.

From the first, the writings of Mr. Ames exhibit great originality of thought and felicity of expression, combined with an inextinguishable zeal in defence of whatever to him had the aspect of truth. He at once rose into regions, which vulgar ambition never attained, and to which it never aspired. For he stooped not to the desire of place, or to the search after popularity, or to, basest of all, the lure of lucrative employment. A volunteer, enlisted by imperious sense of duty, in the political service of his country, his first study was to know her interests ; his next, to represent truly and maintain boldly the result of his researches ; unappalled by the passions, he might be called upon to combat, or the powers, it might be his fortune to offend. His perceptions on political questions were in a great measure intuitive. He seldom altered his first impressions, and they seldom required to be changed. Of consequence, he preserved in every stage of his political progress an uncommon uniformity of view and language touching the permanent interests of his country.

Love of constitutional liberty ; hatred of licentiousness, its counterfeit, and its bane ; detestation, in the fulfilment of duty, of pusillanimous councils and half way measures ; anxiety to promote the interest of the people, more than to win their favour ; zeal to correct the prejudices of his fellow-citizens, rather than by fostering to profit by them ; abhorrence of creeping to power, or maintaining possession of it by flattering the passions, or pampering the vices of any class of men ; generous impulses like these are apparent in his earliest, they distinguish his latest productions. The characteristic of his style, as well as sentiments, are formed by them. To their influence, when in their just degree, may be traced almost every thing in his writings, which attracts admiration ; when in their extreme, whatever in expression or thought is obnoxious to censure.



The sentiment, which occurs in one of his first essays\*, seems to have been that from which his mind took its direction, and by which it shaped the course of its labours in the subsequent periods of his life. "If our government should be destroyed, what but the total destruction of civil society must ensue? A more popular form could not be contrived, nor could it stand: one less popular would not be adopted. The people, then, wearied by anarchy, and wasted by intestine war, must fall an easy prey to foreign, or domestick tyranny." On the side of popular freedom, more than was already enjoyed in the United States, it was not for human nature to hope. Revolution might upturn the foundations of present establishments, but through it our rights could neither obtain extension nor security; for, already, the constitution had provided the broadest practicable basis for civil liberty. The people framed it, and they were its guardians. To seek to enlarge their actual possession of civil rights was to grasp at privileges, unattainable in the known allotment of things, and not permitted by the fixed decrees of Providence.

Instead, therefore, of contemplating schemes of ideal perfection, and indulging in splendid dreams concerning a liberation from restraint, incompatible with the imperfect state of our knowledge and passions, he set himself to consider our actual condition, and to investigate the dangers which surround that most perfect state of popular freedom, which his countrymen enjoyed. These to be avoided must be known. To be known, they must not only be sought with diligence, but explained with fearlessness. What is useful, will not always be pleasing. What is necessary to a people's safety, will often counteract their wishes, contradict their prejudices, disturb their ease, disappoint their hopes, or awaken their apprehensions. His duty, as he was sensible, led him to many painful results, and obliged him to be the herald of many truths, which the human mind is not apt to receive with complacency. These, had he loved the people less, he would have concealed, but as he loved them more than himself, and better than his popularity, he did not hesitate to disclose. To be a pander to the passions of the weak or the ignorant, to be a jackall to the vile, to join the rapacious or the wickedly ambitious in hunting out of influence, and bringing into suspicion the virtuous, the intelligent and the prosperous, for the sake of the fox's share of the plunder, was an easy, an obvious and a beaten course. But his high mind disdained it. In his estimation the citizens of a free state should exhibit an independence of personal considerations, and a zeal in its defence, proportioned to the purity of the principles of its constitution, and to the importance of their preservation. Truth was the basis on which

\* Page 3.



they should deal with one another. Justice should be the pillar, on which its fabrick should rest ; in maintaining the great principles of which he would allow neither compromise nor hesitation. His standard for the morality of government was the strictest rule of private morality.† The rights of the individual were not to be yielded to the clamours of the restless, or to the cunning of the interested. Above all, the rulers of a free republick ought to spurn the meanness of purchasing leave to hold power, by sacrificing truth to ignorance or principle to villany. If their authority were set at defiance, they were not to seek safety in compromise or arbitration, but to enforce obedience, in reliance, under heaven, upon the support of the principle and property, which the laws protected. They were to do their duty ; and if our free constitution fell, to evince to posterity and to the world that at least some of its citizens were not blind to the privileges they enjoyed, and not unworthy of their continuance.

The fundamental principle of policy, which, in his early essays and ever after, he supported, was, that the constitution and the laws enacted under its sanction should be made irresistibly supreme, by infusing into the government "system, energy and honesty." And it was the perpetual object of his research, how to give permanency to our republick. To this end he sought the maladies of liberty in the nature of the human heart. The monuments of departed free governments darkened the page of every history. He saw, as he thought, the seeds of destruction of every free system inwrought among the essential principles of the human character. It was not in the power of man to bestow immortality upon liberty. But to prolong its existence, and counteract its tendency to dissolution, was frequently within his ability, by the exercise of prudence and the use of timely precautions. These he sought ; and as he found, so he faithfully exhibited them to his fellow citizens. In estimating his labours, the question will not be, whether the result soothes our fears, complies with popular prejudices, gives to enjoyment a more exquisite flavour, or administers to sleep a sounder opiate ; but whether it coincides with truth. Do observation and reflection support his doctrines ? Are the dangers he suggests shadowy and unreal ? Are their terrors exhibited in false or extravagant colours ?

It is not to be expected that any human work should be entitled to unqualified, or attain universal approbation ; especially when it treats on principles and duties, at once so complicated and delicate, as are ever the political. Some cannot, and others will not, see the force of reasoning and the evidence of facts. The nature of such topicks, necessarily general, affords to the cunning ample opportunity of evading the force of con-



clusions ; and to the ignorant sufficient apology for escaping conviction.

Many minds are so constituted as to be affected only by dangers, which may be felt. Their toil is not interrupted, their sleep is not broken, their pleasures not disturbed, unless the cloud be within striking distance, and an atmosphere pregnant with visible flame corruscating around them. The eyes of others are ever upon the horizon, watching the signs of change in their first gatherings. They realise the coming storm in the very stillness of its precursor, and have a foretaste of its terrors by tokens, which to common sight are invisible, or of which it is heedless. Like sage Palinurus, they guide themselves, chiefly, by their knowledge of general nature, and trust not particular appearances.

—credam quid enim ? fallacibus Austris,  
Et coeli toties deceptus fraude sereni.

In that vast diversity of interest and passion, of intelligence and virtue, which exists in every community, a wide scope is given for difference of judgment, concerning a good or evil in prospect, as well as of opinion, concerning the means of securing the one and avoiding the other. Among such as undertake the thankless task of observing and explaining the aspects of the times, those are always heard with impatience and generally with suspicion, who foretell dangers, and call for preparation against them. Men hate the knowledge, which alarms their fears, or invades their indolence. They had rather grope in darkness, and take the chances of advancing blindly, than to have a light thrown upon their path, revealing precipices and pitfalls in every stage of their journey, from which they can only escape by the weariness of perpetual labour and the exercise of an ever-wakeful virtue. Yet such was the office this writer's sense of duty compelled him to undertake.

His unceasing study was to diffuse among his fellow citizens, in respect to their political relations, *self knowledge* : of all tasks the least likely to conciliate affection, or to attain reward. He had deeply considered the dangers of liberty, not merely by the light of books, but by that which long experience of the world and studious observation of man afforded him. The result of his reflections he hesitated not to utter, with an independence as rare as was his genius. He knew that the people of the United States had chosen the highest state of civil liberty, and, as he thought, without sufficiently appreciating the hazards to which it was incident, or calculating the sacrifices its preservation required. He knew that it was the character of mankind, as well in a collective as in an individual capacity, to look every where else than into their own bosoms for the sources of the evils, with which they were afflicted, or the causes of the difficulties, in which they were



involved. Yet in the very structure of the human heart was laid the foundation of those obstacles to a prosperous termination of that republican experiment, the success of which is so dear to every American, and was especially to a man, like him who was nothing else but an American in every thought and pulsation of his bosom.

It is the tendency of a republican government, in proportion to its freedom, to degenerate into that licentiousness, which under the garb of liberty is only the tyranny of the multitude, terminating at last, by an eternal law of nature, in the despotism of an individual. In such a government, every strong passion of the human breast has stimulus and scope for exercise. Those which are base, not less than those which are generous are incited to activity by the greatness of the reward and the obvious paths to its attainment. Ambition, envy, cupidity and a host of others find the way to gratification beaten and easy. The power of the state, in effect, is lodged in the hands of a majority, which it is their business to corrupt, deceive and command. To these ends they practise upon weakness, flatter prejudice, bribe wickedness, for which they have natural allies in all whom idleness, vice and criminal want have made enemies to established order and friends to revolution. In every step of its progress society advances towards that state, in which the process of corruption and deception becomes easier and shorter. In proportion as numbers increase, information is more difficult to diffuse, and society approximates to the character of a popular assembly, in which much is done by intrigue and by impulse, little by argument, nothing at all by detailed examination of interests and principles. Inequalities both of intellectual and pecuniary acquisition multiply; with them new sources of jealousy and discontent open and the channels of corrupt influence grow wider and deeper. The possession of power becomes more desirable; the means for its attainment augment; the restraints on criminal design diminish. Motives for the excitement of popular passions are increased. These are more easily set on fire, and the direction of the conflagration becomes less governable. Every bad passion which dreads restraint, every vicious inclination which seeks indulgence are made the instruments of ambition, and either openly league, or blindly are led, to produce an order of things nominally more favourable to liberty, in effect and result wholly destructive of it. In the concussion of contending factions, shipwreck is made both of conscience and moral sense. The route to political elevation is flattery, time-serving and subserviency. The way to lose it is to prefer duty to popularity, and to love the interest of the people more than their favour.

These dangers to liberty, which thus grow out of the nature of the human heart, although obvious enough to speculative in-



quirers, it is difficult to make men realise, while absorbed by the interests and agitated by the passions of political life. They are too much engaged in the attainment of immediate and particular ends, very scrupulously to analyse their own motives, or very carefully to concern themselves about distant consequences. Both the former and the latter were the perpetual theme of the thought and subject of the pen of him, whose works are now under consideration. He saw the taint of tyranny, like a leprosy upon the skin, spreading over and corrupting, under the name of party attachment, every member of the body politic. Already he witnessed its destructive consequences on private morals and public tranquillity. His genius full of vigour and fertility was ever on the stretch for occasions and for language to express his sense of the greatness and certainty of the dangers, which surrounded his country. Greater liberty, than that secured by our happy constitutions, he realised to be impracticable, yet he saw its barriers daily violated, its safeguards removed, its principles disregarded, and the people growing more familiar with the spirit of democracy; the reign of which was in its commencement and course fatal to our peace, and in its end fatal to liberty. Deeply impressed with the horrors which awaited our progress, should we follow in the degenerate footsteps of preceding republics, he labours for language to express his apprehension of the miseries, which democracy would bring and in which it would terminate. To describe its destructive course, his imagery, all powerful as it was, sunk under his subject. It was "a Briareus," "a Cerberus," "a torrent," "a West India hurricane," "a vapour like the Sirocco," "a winged curse," "an earthquake," "a hell, ringing with agonies and blasphemies, smoking with suffering and crime." His mind, penetrated by its conviction of the miseries of such a state, sometimes started into a wild and unlicensed speed. The associations, by which he strives to illustrate his apprehensions, are not always justified by the analogies of things. For who will venture to compare any of the evils of this transitory life, however accumulated or insupportable, with that awful state of retribution, by which a just God shall hereafter vindicate his slighted sovereignty? Had an opportunity been afforded, he would, doubtless, have chastened his language, as he might easily have done without diminishing its effect.

Although his imagery in this, and in a few like instances, is somewhat too vivid and bold, yet there is nothing in it ludicrous or irreverent. If his expression at any time be extravagant, it has, obviously, nothing of rhetorical artifice. We realise that his mind is overwhelmed with its sense of the extremity of those evils, in which anarchy and licentiousness would involve our republic, and that it grasps beyond the bounds of terrestrial nature after means to com-



municate his impression of them, in all its strength, to his fellow citizens. If any one be disposed to censure, let him read in the preface to the defence of the American constitutions, by one of our chief statesmen, his recapitulation of "the fashionable outrages of unbalanced parties," and consider, if there be in this world any state to be imagined more full of horror, or more justly deserving to be drawn in colours which should exhaust whatever in description is forcible and terrible. A knowledge of what human nature is capable, and how savage the heart of man is, when possessed of power equal to his passion, is of all other the most necessary to be realised, in order to give energy and union to all, who having a regard to real liberty ought above every thing to dread the miseries, which follow in the train of its counterfeit.

A chief end, which Mr. Ames proposed to himself in all his writings, was to impress upon his fellow citizens a deep conviction of the tendency of their form of government to degenerate into licentious democracies, and of the necessity of unwearied struggles to preserve that real, constitutional liberty they at present enjoy. This purpose is not, perhaps, distinctly asserted in some of his productions, which have found their way to the press in an unfinished state; the first impression of which sometimes creates despondence rather than hope, and renders the mind dubious, whether relief can be attained by exertion. Yet even here his purpose is easily deducible from the tenour of his argument and the course of his reflections. He, who censures indolence, can mean nothing else than to recommend activity. He, who condemns apathy, incites to vigilance. To realise the degree and particulars, in which we are degenerate, is the first lesson in the upward course of improvement. Every nation's political constitution, like every man's natural life, is mortal by an eternal law. Yet from this knowledge our duties take their origin, and by it their direction is regulated. We learn from it the nature of our condition. We are taught by it how to apply our force. Because evils are inevitable our obligation to continue exertion is not, therefore, remitted. We may palliate what we cannot cure; we may postpone what we cannot prevent. We may control our appetites, purify our desires, check our passions, quicken our sensibility, and thus reinvest nature with the vigour she has lost through our past follies or crimes.

Through all this volume there runs a pure and rich vein of sentiment, sometimes, indeed, more concealed than at others under the general mass of thought, but, for the most part, sufficiently splendid upon the surface to indicate where labour may best be applied and how profit will soonest reward endeavours. Instead of encouraging minds devoted to pleasure or absorbed in the pursuit of wealth, the obvious tendency of these works is to inspire higher objects of desire, nobler thoughts con-



cerning the destination of being, and juster motions touching the obligations, resulting from the privileges of our constitutions of government. The labour of his thought was to make his fellow citizens understand what liberty is, and what is its value; the nature of the sacrifices required for its preservation, and the necessity of cultivating an habitual willingness to incur them. He saw that his countrymen had chosen a form of government, which made it necessary that honest men should be incessantly at their posts\*; yet that they loved nothing so much as tranquillity, hated the fatigue of publick duty, and dreaded the summons which called them to the performance of it. While the virtuous sought repose and took enjoyment under the shade of the tree they had planted, the factious, the vicious, the ambitious, and the desperate, were collecting their strength, cementing their union, and incessantly labouring to mould to their purposes the credulity, the love of novelty, the passion for the marvellous and the ignorance, which in some degree is the portion of every individual, and in a greater or less the characteristick of every community. How to establish bulwarks against the gradual influence of the vicious, how to rouse the virtuous to a true sense of their danger, and to keep them like centinels always intent upon their duty, was the study of his mind, and the project which all his works had in view. † "We may long preserve," says he, "our excellent constitution unimpaired in the degree of its liberty." But to maintain it requires perpetual watchfulness. "*For liberty gives joy, safety, honour, every thing but sleep‡.*"

"A frame of government less free and popular might, perhaps, have been left to take some care of itself; but the people choose to have it as it is, and, therefore, they must not complain of the burden, but come forward and support it: it has not strength to stand alone, without such help from the wise and honest citizens. The time to do this, is at the elections. There, if any where, the sovereignty of the citizen is to be exercised, and there the privilege is open to the most excessive and most fatal abuse"§

In one of his essays, (p. 227.) he recapitulates the arguments, by which despair induces itself to entertain its gloomy anticipations, and with his characteristick zeal and animation thus answers and repels them:

"If our government must fall, as it *may* very deplorably, and soon, and as it certainly *must* with a violent jacobin administration, let the monstrous wickedness of working its downfall really be, and *appear*, if possible, to the whole people, to be chargeable to the jacobins. Let the federalists cling to it, while it has life in it, and even longer than there is hope. Let them be auxiliary to its virtues; let them contend for its corpse, as for the body of Patroclus; and let them reverence its memory. Let them delay, if they cannot prevent, its fate; and let them endeavour so to animate, instruct, and combine the true friends of liberty, that a new *republican* sys-

\* Page. 94.

† P. 97.

‡ P. 95.

§ P. 100.



tem may be raised on the foundations of the present government. Despair not only hastens the evil, but renders any remedy unavailing. Time, that soothes all other sufferings, will bring no relief to us, if we neglect or throw away the means in our hands. What are they? Truth and argument. They are feeble means, feeble indeed, against prejudice and passion; yet they are all we have, and we must try them. They will be jury masts, if we are shipwrecked."

A more noble course of publick conduct cannot be suggested. One more worthy of the writer, of his cause and of his country can scarcely be conceived. Nor is this a solitary or temporary impulse. Similar encouragements to exertion, expressed with various modifications, appear in other parts of his writings. Thus, in another place, (p. 275.)

"The chief hazard that attends the liberty of any great people, lies in their blindness to the danger. A weak people may descry ruin before it overwhelms them, without any power to retard or repel its advance; *but a powerful nation, like our own, can be ruined only by its blindness, that will not see destruction as it comes; or by its apathy and selfishness, that will not stir, though it sees it.*"

And again, (p. 300.)

"It is not by destroying tyrants, that we are to extinguish tyranny: nature is not thus to be exhausted of her power to produce them. The soil of a republick sprouts with the rankest fertility: it has been sown with dragon's teeth. *To lessen the hopes of usurping demagogues, we must enlighten, animate, and combine the spirit of freemen; we must fortify and guard the constitutional ramparts about liberty.* When its friends become indolent or disheartened, it is no longer of any importance how long-lived are its enemies: they will prove immortal."

And again, (p. 480.)

"Our good citizens must consent to be more in earnest in their politics, or submit to be less secure in their rights and property."

The spirit, which all his writings breathe, and which they are calculated to inspire, is an ever wakeful zeal in support of constitutional liberty; a zeal which defeat should not make despondent, nor victory render presumptuous; a zeal, which placing the permanent good of the country in its eye, swerves not from its purpose from any blandishments of pleasure, or any allurements of power, or any hopes of office. The incitements he brings, and the encouragements he adduces are among the noblest which can be offered to the human intellect, security of rights, preservation of property, personal safety, whatever obligation is included in love of country, and in an imperious sense of the duty which we owe to ourselves and posterity. The means he recommends are vigilance, virtue, energy, union. A detailed course of measures was neither practicable, nor necessary. The dangers of liberty are half surmounted, when the wise and the virtuous are awakened to a sense of them, and brought to a willingness to meet the sacrifices that we must make in order to be relieved from them. To impress such convictions, to excite the good to combine with



firmness, to stimulate them to form a phalanx around the ramparts our constitutions had reared about liberty, were the ends at which he aimed; the more generous, as they terminated in no prospect of his own advancement. He neither flattered the corrupt hopes of power, nor fostered the false prejudices of the people. It was not the velvet path of subserviency which he trod, but the hard and stubborn road of duty; fearless of personal dangers; hopeless of consequent honours.

(To be continued.)

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ART. 14.

*The Christian Monitor. No. VIII. Containing seven sermons, addressed to young persons. 1809. 12mo. pp. 192. price 30 cents. Munroe, Francis and Parker.*

SUCH is the importance of the moral education of youth, that an attempt only to direct them right is highly meritorious; and the man who forms a single child to the temper and habits of a christian, deservedly ranks among the benefactors of mankind. How great then will be the honours and the reward of that preacher of righteousness, who shall so clearly explain to his youthful charge their obligations to Almighty God, as to persuade them to the duties of piety; who shall so powerfully enforce their social duties, as to establish them in the practice of benevolence; and who shall so terrify their imaginations with the pitfalls and precipices of vice, as to quench their thirst for unlawful pleasure?

This worthy design is attempted, if not accomplished, in the book before us. It bids the rising generation beware of associating with the wicked; exhorts them to avoid idleness as the enemy of purity and comfort; to be tender of the rights and feelings of others; to reverence the monitions of conscience; to cultivate the fear of God as the foundation of sound morals; and to look upon christianity as the best of all religions, and the choicest gift of God to his human offspring: it is filled, in short, with that good kind of reasoning and those useful lessons, which it is proper that age should communicate and youth receive.

The subject of the first sermon is, Reflections on man, and on the divine conduct towards him, from Ps. viii. 4. Of the second, Remembrance of the Creator in youth, from Eccles. xii. 1. Of the third, Motives and encouragements to early piety, from Prov. viii. 17. Of the fourth, The excellence of the righteous, from Prov. xii. 26. Of the fifth, Warning against the enticement of sinners, from Prov. i. 10. Of the sixth, The devotion of the heart and life to God, from Prov. xxiii. 26. and of the seventh, Christianity a mild and practicable system of religion, from Matt. xi. 30.

These subjects are judiciously chosen, and respectably discussed. The style is not uniformly such as we could have wished it; but it is for the most part perspicuous. We select part of the discourse on "The enticement of sinners," as a proof of the correct sentiments inculcated by the writer.

"It is your duty to receive the advice, and to submit to the authority by which the parent would enforce its practical observance. Whatever the parent, master, or instructor, is in duty bound to enjoin, youth are not at liberty to resist, or censure; but must be under obligation to observe and obey. Contempt of parental authority and government, disobedience and opposition to the regulations of families, schools and seminaries, are among the vices and follies into which sinners entice their more virtuous companions. Their first efforts are often directed to this object; which, in many instances, is too easily accomplished. Youth are disposed to live and act without control, to manifest impatience under any kind of restraint, and to think they are more capable of directing their own choice and conduct, than their parents or instructors. They frequently imagine, without the least reason, that parents, masters, governors, or instructors, have an interest opposite to theirs, and that they impose restraint, or establish rules of conduct, to gratify their own humour, and not for the benefit of those under their care. This is, in general, a most groundless suspicion, arising from a predisposition of mind, which gives great advantage to those sinners, who are determined opposers to order and government in families, schools, and other literary institutions, and enables them to gain an extensive consent to their enticement to evil. That they may possess this advantage, sinners will, if possible, excite such suspicion in minds that never entertained it, and produce impatience under a government they before esteemed mild, equitable, and good. The consequence is dissatisfaction and resentment at the exercise of the authority God and nature have committed to heads of families, and of such institutions, for the benefit of those placed under their inspection and government. But, my young friends, every expression of this dissatisfaction and resentment, more especially every act of opposition and resistance, under parental discipline and restraint, or under the laws and regulations of the institutions in which you may be placed for your improvement, indicates a perverse temper, and leaves very little reason to believe you will resist the enticement of sinners, to whatever folly and excess it may lead. It is their wish to excite a spirit of hostility in your bosoms against your best friends, and to flatter you with the idea that you are capable of self-government, and that it is mean to submit to the direction and control of any authority but your own reason and inclination. But this is contrary to the order of nature, and to the happiness of society. Parents were no more obliged to guard your infancy, than they are to guide your youthful steps; and filial duty requires your submission to their authority and direction. Weigh and apply the subject, and you will, in this respect, guard against the enticement of sinners."

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ART. 15.

*Coelebs in search of a wife, comprehending observations on domestic habits and manners, religion and morals.* From 2d London edition, 2 vol. large 12mo. N. York, T. & J. Swords.

It is what a book is, rather than who wrote it, that should engage inquiry. But it happens, through the weakness or the



corruption of human nature, that curiosity is busy and criticism is ingenious to ascertain the parentage of every new publication of interest. Coelebs is ascribed to Miss Hannah More, we suppose upon good authority. The internal evidence is by no means decisive; for though the doctrines and opinions are hers, the style and expression want some of the characteristic and perhaps some of the merit of her former works.

Coelebs owes something to its title. Courtship and marriage are very important and interesting concerns of this sublimary state. The single men are searching or resolving to search for a wife, and single women are accustomed to think it their destination sooner or later to be found in the search. Those who have no wives, will of course consult a book purporting to relate the experiences of a fellow bachelor; and those whose lot is determined, will feel some curiosity to know whether and how they might have done better or worse than their regret or their exultation tells them is true.

Another advantage of the title is, it seems to promise a story if not a novel. A story there is, but, as the author observes, "the texture of the narrative is so slight as barely to serve for a ground, into which to weave the sentiments and observations, which it was designed to introduce." The book is chiefly a collection of remarks and essays on religion; a delineation of characters, and a narrative of conversations, designed to show what a christian should believe and do, and in what respects religion coincides with the other principles of action, or supplies their defect. The persons introduced are principally in the walks of genteel life, with an affluence of money and of time. They are not placed in critical exigencies and trying situations. They sail on a smooth stream of ordinary life, with few of the breaks and cataracts of misfortune. Coelebs, a rich young bachelor, wishes to find a wife, combining all possible perfections, and especially uniting religion to her other excellencies. "In such a companion, said I, as I drove along in my post chaise, I do not want a Helen, a St. Cecilia, or a Madame Dacier; yet she must be elegant, or I should not love her; sensible, or I should not respect her; prudent, or I could not confide in her; well informed, or she could not educate my children; well bred, or she could not entertain my friends; consistent, or I should offend the shade of my mother; pious, or I should not be happy with her; because the prime comfort in a companion for life, is the delightful hope that she will be a companion for eternity." This fair vision is realised in Lucilla, the daughter of Mr. Stanley, whose family is intended as a pattern family in all respects, and an exhibition of the operation and benefit of *consistent* christianity, and the best method of conducting a religious education. In his visit to London, and his temporary residence at Mr. Stanley's, Coelebs



meets with various characters, who are described with a view to expose the different "shades of error in various descriptions of society; not only in those worldly persons, who do not quite leave religion out of their scheme, but on the mistakes and inconsistencies of better characters, and even on the errors of some, who would be astonished not to find themselves reckoned altogether religious."

The author has studied the best English sermons, and delivered sentiments upon the common pulpit topics of instruction and persuasion with frequent elegance and force. The reader will find here all the leading features of the system of truth and duty in the New Testament. The author would undoubtedly shew religion as Barrow represents her, when he says, "The principle advantage of wisdom is, its acquainting us with the nature and reason of true religion, and affording convictive arguments to persuade men to the practice of it, which is accompanied with the purest delight, and attended with the most solid content imaginable. I say, the nature of religion, wherein it consists, and what it requires; the mistake of which produceth daily so many mischiefs and inconveniences in the world, and exposes so good a name to so much reproach. It sheweth it consisteth not in fair professions and glorious pretences, but in real practice; not in a pertinacious adherence to any sect or party, but in a sincere love of goodness, and dislike of naughtiness, wherever discovering itself; not in vain ostentations, and flourishes of outward performance, but in an inward good complexion of mind, exerting itself in works of true devotion and charity; not in a nice orthodoxy, or politick subjection of our judgments to the peremptory dictates of men, but in a sincere love of truth, in a hearty approbation and compliance with the doctrines fundamentally good, and necessary to be believed; not in a harsh censuring and virulent inveighing against others, but in carefully amending our own ways; not in a peevish crossness and obstinate repugnancy to received laws and customs; but in a quiet and peaceable submission to the express laws of God, and lawful commands of man; not in furious zeal for or against trivial circumstances, but in a conscientious practising the substantial parts of religion; not in a frequent talking or contentious disputing about it, but in a ready observance of the unquestionable rules and precepts of it." These and other essential maxims about religion are admitted and maintained in this volume. A regard to our christian duty must be sovereign, it must extend to every part of ordinary conduct. Our primary object, our ultimate end is moral perfection. Where we are sincere in religion, it is more than a secondary concern. The love of wealth, of pleasure, of fame, the various appetites, affections, and passions, are not extirpated but governed and directed by religious princi-



ples. A christian may have pleasures, but they should be derived rather from intellectual sources, from the beauties of nature, from active employment and exercise, from conversation, from works of charity, than from the ball room and the playhouse and places of gay resort.

The usual means of forming this character and fixing these principles, as explained in Coelebs, are such as all the sects practically admit, however they may speculatively differ concerning the value and use of means: they are reading the scripture, early education, good examples, prudent discipline, and a careful attention to the law of habit. In Mr. Stanley's house these undisputed principles are considered as exemplified. He prefers an establishment in the country to one in the town; apparently because "a prudent christian will always avoid an atmosphere, which he thinks not quite wholesome." But the parents of Lucilla were not so unacquainted with human nature as to pretend to impose on her understanding by attempting to breed her up in entire ignorance of the world, or in perfect seclusion from it. "She often accompanied us to town for a short visit. The occasional sight of London and the frequent enjoyment of the best society dissipated the illusions of fancy. The bright colours with which young imagination, inflamed by ignorance, report and curiosity, invests unknown and distant objects, faded under actual observation." The methods of education in Mr. Stanley's family are very wise for the purpose in view; pursued with unceasing effort, and so far as the history goes, entirely successful. The children receive the form which the parents aim to impress; even Phoebe's ardent feelings and lively fancy, by the occasional assistance of dry studies, are made to feel the rein, whilst Lucilla, naturally of a more equable character, is all but perfect. There is no son to be the subject of experiment, and support the author's assertion, which Coelebs says he ventured to make to Mrs. Ranby, "that it would *generally* be found, that where the children of pious parents turned out ill, there had been some mistake, some neglect, or some fault on the part of the parents; that they had not used the right methods."

If the lukewarm professor should fall on this book, he will find reasons and incentives for being in earnest in religion. The nominal christian is instructed that it is more than a name, it is a character and a spirit, which are necessary to support his hopes. Those who judge of their works by their faith, rather than of their faith by their works, and make the merits of Christ a substitute for their own endeavours at obedience, thereby to be good by proxy, are admonished and confronted. If any imagine they are so good, they need not aspire to be better; and are so decent and moral, that they have no occasion to be pious; so considerate of the rights and feelings of their fellow men, they may overlook their relation to their maker;

and that because they give alms, they need not make prayers ; they are taught their mistake, though on account of the author's peculiar system, not perhaps so fully and completely as the case admits.

Parents are excited to more vigilance and fidelity in forming the minds and hearts of their children, and especially by conversing with them on the subject of religion, by making them familiar with the Bible, and by endeavouring to associate the idea of pleasure with the service of God, to give the tincture of piety to their youthful minds. Those who find they are not made happy by the world, are exhorted to use and enjoy it on christian principles ; and content and pleasure will spring up beneath their feet. In fine, to endeavour to know our duty as men and christians, and as far as known to perform it, is the chief good. If it be said, all this is nothing new. Admitted ; but it is said in a better manner than we often find. Dr. Barlow and Mr. Stanley are by no means the dullest preachers we may chance to hear ; enlivened as their instruction is occasionally by the interlocutions of Sir John and Lady Belfield, Charles Coelebs and others. For Lucilla is seldom brought forward in conversation ; and is more heard of than heard. After all, it may be said that unless some new road to excellence is marked out, some new recipe for conversion and improvement is offered, it is of no great use to hold up perfect models that cannot be copied ; and to represent religion as doing more for the refinement and exaltation of the character than it ever does or can do, considering the corruption of human nature ; that the amount of the discovery is what was known before ; that if we were not sick, we should be well ; that if we are perfect we shall be perfect ; and that if men and women were ~~a~~ men and women, they might be something better and nobler. It is the opinion of the author, however, that she gives practicable rules and imitable patterns. Mr. Stanley avers that Lucilla, with all her excellence, is " no prodigy dropped down from the clouds. Ten thousand other young women with *natural good sense*, and *good temper*, might, with the same education, the same neglect of what is useless, and the same attention to what is necessary, acquire the same habits and the same principles. If she is not a miracle whom others might despair to emulate, she is a christian whom every girl of a fair understanding and good disposition may equal, and whom I hope and believe many girls excel." If, however, as some may think, Miss More makes her good people too good for any to expect or hope to equal, there remains the old answer, that we are required to approach, not to attain perfection ; that the example of a wise man may be of use to a weak one ; and that it is useful to have our aims beyond our expectations, and look above the mark in order not to fall below it.



Some of the good characters, however, have their shades, and prove by their imperfections that they are human. We are not certain but Mr. Stanley himself, so good and so removed from dangerous extremes as he appears to be, has not an alloy of self-love and worldliness in that part of his character from which he thinks they are most distant, viz. his religion. He complains that he is called a methodist, for making a point of some things which others consider indifferent. He evidently belongs to that party of the church, who call themselves evangelical, or Calvinistick, and by some are denominated methodists ; but he insists on not being confounded with the rangers, antinomians, and high-fliers ; though he thinks them, "excepting always hypocrites and pretenders," in a much safer state than their revilers, p. 152, vol. 2. i. e. we presume, opposers. He applies the word *religious* and *christian* too exclusively to those who are of his particular cast ; and all who do not readily agree to its pretensions, and conform to its standard, seem to be set down as *worldly* people. He insists that he and his friends are not allowed the standing and reputation, which they think they deserve, through the aversion of men to the character of a consistent christian. The mistakes and misapprehensions, the low views of religion, the disposition to asperity and censoriousness in his own sect are to be considered as imperfections of the good ; the same errors and defects in the other must proceed from malignity of disposition. It is impossible any christian can dispute their interpretation of doctrine ; or think they are ever illiberal or ambitious, or value themselves too much upon insignificant, or, if important, not essential distinctions from others. We think Mr. Stanley might have been invested with a little more magnanimity and modesty, and a more complacent spirit towards some of his fellow christians, without hurting the finish of his character.

In consequence of the author's identifying *real* christianity too much with the phraseology, the modes and the reputation of a section of the church, she is involved occasionally in what appears to us a contradiction sometimes of herself, and sometimes perhaps of truth and scripture. But here we speak with great diffidence and fear. She is orthodox ; therefore believes in the "corruption of human nature," introduced by the transgression of the first pair. A distinct view of this corruption is necessary to the first step in the way to heaven. On this is founded the doctrine of the "implantation of a new principle," and a "total mutation of character."

But according to the general tenour of the work, this corruption means no more than facility of being corrupted ; it means that there is in human nature and the objects which surround us, a cause of the wickedness which we see and feel. The true orthodox notion of moral inability does not appear ; and though it is natural to sin, it is at least to many natural to



hear and believe instruction well administered, teaching that sin is an evil ; and it is natural by a good education to be made afraid of sin. The change of character is not the technical regeneration in the catechisms, called by Miss More "*implantation of a new principle*," but is a change greater or less, according to the greater or less need of it, and is sensible and striking, or gradual and imperceptible, as the case may be. When Carlton, who had been profligate, and Lady Melbury, are converted, it is of the first sort. But the christianity of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, of Coelebs and Lucilla, appears to come by degrees, like their other improvements. Sir John and Lady Belfield are rather improved than converted.

Miss More is strenuous for works to be joined to faith. Mrs. Ranby is drawn a caricature of an Antinomian, to expose the ranters of this description. Yet Mrs. R. after all, is acknowledged a child of the author's own family, for she is not immoral, and really pious ; that is she has no vices but pride, uncharitableness, bitterness, and she is regular at her devotions, and believes in the doctrines of grace.

Then it is sometimes difficult to know how to reconcile the praise and the depreciation of good works that both occur in this treatise. "In one man who errs on Mr. Tyrrel's principle," says Dr. Barlow to Mr. Flam, "a hundred err on yours." "Many more perish through a presumptuous confidence in their own merits, than through an unscriptural trust in the merits of Christ" "A dependence for salvation on our own benevolence, our own integrity or any other good quality whatever is an error," &c. Does this mean that more perish by works without faith, than by faith without works ; or that vice is not so dangerous as wanting just notions, or what Miss More will call scriptural notions of the sacrifice of Christ ?

We must be afraid lest our good works make us proud. If they make us proud, they are not good ; for we have as much humility as we have genuine virtue. If it be intended that men of mere correctness and decency of external behaviour are apt to depend on it as a substitute for goodness of heart, their danger should be ascribed not to their goodness, but to their want of it ; or to their resting in the appearance as an equivalent for the reality. There is a perplexing ambiguity in this theological problem concerning good works. You must look to be saved by faith and not by works, by a reliance on the satisfaction made by Christ, and not by any good quality you may possess. And what is faith, considered as a requisite to divine favour, but a good quality or exercise, as much as any of the acts of obedience or moral rectitude which men perform ? When we attend to sense and not to sound the purport of the several positions is something like this : Your good works are good for nothing as respects your acceptance with God ; therefore you must add to these good works which are



good for nothing, another good work which is good for every thing as respects the divine acceptance, viz. a practical conviction, sentiment and belief that all your good works are good for nothing. We mean no levity or disrespect ; but the truth is, that such intimations of the worthlessness of moral virtue or goodness which is the great design of religion, accompanied with inculcations of that very virtue or christian practice which has been before depreciated, throws common christians into perplexity to know why they should practise, when all that seems required is to believe. No wonder the Ranbys and the Tyrrels call the Barlows and Stanleys legalists, and disclaim the duties of the moral law, when the scheme of divinity delivered contains two opinions, but one of which can be true.

The story of Mrs. Carlton is very interesting. Lady Melbury's conversion is edifying. We do think the qualities of the just and friendly Mr. Flam are far less foreign from the spirit of christianity than those of the selfish hard-hearted Tyrrel ; and it would have been quite as safe to have allowed him to become a sincere convert as to have ascribed this change to the latter.

We hope the numerous readers of this volume will imbibe its spirit of seriousness, of devotion, of active benevolence ; and if they perceive, will not adopt any of the narrowness of temper or sectarianism of belief which it may in some parts be thought to favour. We do not speak great things, said one of the fathers, but do them. If all those who covet christian excellence cannot talk as fluently upon points as the good people in this story, if they have too much distrust of their own judgment to dissect and display characters with the same freedom and facility, they may in all their conversation endeavour to talk as becomes religious beings, even when cautious of religious topicks, and live, though they do not preach the gospel. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

#### ART. 16.

*Sermon delivered at the installation of Rev. Horace Holley to the pastoral care of the church and society in Hollis street, Boston, March 8, 1809. By Joseph Eckley, D. D minister of the Old South church in Boston. J. Belcher. State street. Text, Heb. xiii. 17.*

ORDINATION sermons commonly excite an interest in both hearer and reader. The importance of the christian ministry, the commencing rights and obligations of the pastor and his flock, and the near connexion about to be formed between a clergyman and his professional brethren, are considerations of no small moment. Dr. Eckley appears to have been

duly sensible to the various circumstances of the occasion ; and has adapted himself to them with propriety. His sermon indicates a heart deeply impressed with the worth of souls, and the duty of caring for their eternal interests ; and it is strongly marked by a lively fancy, a charitable temper, and by what is commonly called an orthodox creed.

The charge by Dr. Lathrop is highly respectable, and the right hand of fellowship by Dr. Kirkland is entirely suited to the solemnity.

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## RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

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### ART. 5.

*The History of New England, containing an impartial account of the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of the country, to the year of our Lord, 1700. To which is added, the present state of New England. With a new and accurate map of the country, and an Appendix, containing their present charter, their ecclesiastical discipline, and their municipal laws. In two volumes. The second edition, with many additions, by the author. By Daniel Neal, A. M. London ; printed 1747.*

THE first edition of this work was published in 1720. It was received so well in this country, that the degree of Master of Arts was presented to the author by the government of Harvard College, the highest honour they had then in their power to bestow. Several mistakes are corrected in the present edition, which is a valuable production, and was perused with great avidity by those of a former generation, who wished to learn the state of our affairs. It is now but little known, because the more complete history of Massachusetts Bay, by Mr. Hutchinson, has cast it into the *back ground*.

Mr. Neal, who rendered himself eminent by his other works, was a distinguished clergyman, in the city of London, of that denomination of Dissenters, styled *Independents*. His capital performance was a history of the Puritans, which contains notices of the fathers of New England, as well as other non-conformists, who suffered from the arbitrary mandates of queen Elizabeth, or the more cruel scourges of archbishops Whitgift, Bancroft and Laud. He has been accused of giving too deep a colour to those transactions of the high church party, and throwing a veil over the faults of the Puritans. That he deserves censure on this account, we believe, not from the ill-humoured sneers of Warburton, but the plain unvarnished representation of one who had neither the prejudices of English



bishops, nor the rancour of the sectaries. "No writer," says Mosheim, "has treated this part of the ecclesiastical history of England in a more ample and elegant manner than Daniel Neal, in his history of the Puritans." But he adds, "The author of this laborious work, who was himself a Non-conformist, has not indeed been able to impose silence so far on the warm and impetuous spirit of party, as not to discover a certain degree of partiality in favour of his brethren. For while he relates in the most circumstantial manner all the injuries the Puritans received from the bishops, and those of the established religion, he in many places diminishes, excuses, or suppresses the faults and failings of those he defends." We ought to be candid where we can, but even the candour of Reviewers should not prevent them from being just and impartial, and we think this well grounded opinion of Mr. Neal's writings ought to guide those who read his history of New England. There is enough to commend in the book, and it is more worthy of commendation than any other account previously written; yet we think due allowance should be made for the prejudices, the feelings, and the party zeal of all who write about the affairs of New England, when they tell of the grievous sufferings of our ancestors from "ecclesiastical commissioners, spiritual courts and penal laws for conscience sake."

The first volume of the history is divided into twelve chapters, and takes up the narrative from the first peopling of America to the year of our Lord, 1673. It may not be amiss to give an analysis of the whole work, because it contains a variety of materials for the reader's instruction and entertainment.

The first chapter is a summary of the opinions of learned men concerning the settlement of America; a relation of the unsuccessful attempts to *settle the Northern Continent*; a *survey of New England*; and a *description of the Natives*, &c.

All that can be known concerning the first peopling of America, is very little. The conjectures of those who make the Aborigines of our country and the Tartar hordes the same nation, were suggested very early. Grotius says it was the general opinion while he lived, "that the tribes of Indians in North America, came from that part of Scythia, called Tartaria Magna, and that if navigators had found the straits, or described the proximity of the continents, he should be of the same opinion; but as this had not been done, we have no fixed opinion about it." Had he lived in these times, he would have had all the evidence he wanted. Mr. Neal does not quote Grotius *de origine gentium Americanarum*. The substance of the chapter is taken from Harris's voyages, where the same, or similar conjectures are collected. Whoever reads the dissertation of Grotius, ought likewise to read the notes of Joannes de Laet, of Antwerp. His opinion is, that allowing the two continents were united, it would only prove that the natives of America

might come from Asia; not that they were Tartars; but it is more likely that they were nations whom those warriors drove out of their possessions, and who sought a shelter in other regions of the earth.

The second chapter of Mr. Neal's history is a *short account of the sufferings of the Puritans; of the original of the Brownists; their principles, sufferings, removal into Holland, where Mr. Robinson laid the foundation of the Independent church discipline, as it was afterwards practised in New England.* This is a chapter full of information. No person could write better upon this subject, and it proves the contrary of what Mr. Hutchinson asserts, that Neal's history is only an abridgment of Mather's *Magnalia*. We shall quote an account of Mr. Robinson's church, not as the most instructive passage, but merely to shew what foundation those writers have, who have called the Plymouth settlers Brownists, and who sometimes have inadvertently confounded the fathers of Massachusetts with the fathers of New Plymouth.

"Mr. J. Robinson was the father of the *Independents*, being the first that beat out a middle way between Brownism and Presbytery. When he came first to *Holland*, he was a rigid Brownist, but after he had seen more of the world, and conversed with learned men, he began to have a more charitable opinion of those that differed from him; and though he always maintained the lawfulness and necessity of separating from those reformed churches among whom he lived, yet he was far from denying them to be true churches; nay, he allowed the lawfulness of communicating with them in the word and prayer, though not in the sacraments and discipline, and would give liberty to any of the Dutch church to receive the sacrament with him occasionally; he maintained to the last, that every particular church or society of christians had a complete power within itself to choose its own officers, to administer the gospel ordinances, and to exercise all acts of authority and discipline over its members; and that consequently it was *Independent* upon all classes, synods, convocations and councils; he allowed the expediency of synods and councils for the reconciling of differences among churches, and giving them friendly advice, but not for the exercising any act of authority or jurisdiction, or the imposing any articles or canons upon them without the free consent of the churches themselves. He disallowed of the constitution of the Church of England, as irrational, of their liturgy and stunted prayers, and of their open communion, as thinking it necessary to keep out unworthy communicants, and to have some marks of the grace of God discovered by those who desired the privilege of church fellowship; and these are some of the principles of the *Independents* at this day."

Mr. Robinson wrote an apology for the Brownists, which is frequently quoted by Mr. Neal. We have his own words, in his most excellent advice to our fathers who came into this country. "I advise you to abandon, avoid, and shake off the name of Brownists. 'Tis a mere nickname, and a brand for making religion and the professors of it odious to the christian world."

The third chapter which contains the *Rise and Progress of the colony, settled at New Plymouth from 1620 to 1628*, is a very just and concise narrative. Such an account is very interest-



ing, but whoever has read Prince's chronology, or *Morton's Memorial*, will find every thing which is here related, except the conclusion, which is an observation of the historian from what he gathered of this church and people.

"They carried their Brownistical principles so far as to drive away a regular and learned ministry, which after some years they were blessed with, for want of due countenance and support."

And again :

"The people at Plymouth were generally *Brownists*, or of the more rigid Separatists from the Church of England, but those who afterwards settled at Boston, like the other Puritans, lived in communion with the church, though they scrupled conformity to several of the ceremonies."

Chapter fourth is a view of the state of religion in England under the administration of archbishop Laud ; and the rise of the colony of Massachusetts Bay. Their settlement at Salem, their manner of incorporating into a church ; the hardships they suffered ; the foundation of the town of Boston ; the story of Sir Christopher Gardiner ; of the murder of Capt. Stone and Capt. Norton by the Indians ; of R. Williams and his opinions ; the beginning of Connecticut settlement ; the order of the council of England, to prevent the Puritans transporting themselves into America without license of the king ; the beginning of New Haven settlement.

This chapter is chiefly taken from Mather's *Magnalia*, except the former part where he refers to European authorities. It is however an agreeable abridgment of a work filled with puns, anagrams, circumlocutory observations, interrupting the narrative, when we are most eager to get at facts and characters.

In this and some succeeding chapters of Neal we have the *medulla* of the third and fourth book of the *Magnalia* in plain language and a good style. In page 148, there is an error we are at a loss to account for. He says,

"Our fathers being incorporated into a church, a sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. White, after which they chose the Rev. Mr. Wilson for their pastor, who, though an ordained minister of the church of England, submitted to a reordination by the imposition of such hands as the church invited to pray for a blessing on his labours."

Mr. White of Dorchester, who has been justly called the father of the Massachusetts settlement, never left England, and no gentleman of the name was at that time among the ministers of the plantation. Our author is also mistaken in the account of the ordination, though the error is less glaring, because he had documents from some of our early writers. The truth is, however, that Mr. Wilson did not submit to reordination. Our fathers believed the church of England to be a true church, and nothing could be more absurd than to ordain a man upon whom "there had been an imposition of hands." Gov. Winthrop was one who organized the church at Charlestown, and his account confirms our observation.

"Friday, 27, 1630.

"We of the congregation kept a fast, and chose Mr. Wilson our teacher, Mr. Nowell our elder, and Mr. Gager and Mr. Aspenwall-deacons. We used imposition of hands, but with protestation by all, that it was only as a sign of election and confirmation, not of any intent that Mr. W. should renounce his ministry he received in England.

Chap. fifth is an account of the Pequot war; the first synod; the story of Mrs. Hutchinson; of the settlers of Rhode Island; the foundation of Harvard College, &c.

It ends with the articles of confederation of the United colonies 1643. These articles are printed. It is a most valuable state paper\*.

The sixth chapter is a plain narrative of the conversion of the Indians. Douglas sneers at the account. He even represents Neal's whole history as good for nothing, because he gives such a view of the state of society among the Indians, and such a description of the state of the town, as every man who has travelled as far as Natick, must be convinced is false. We cannot answer for what was contained in the first edition, but nothing occurs in the pages we have read, but what every writer confirms, and what some of the present generation have seen.

"The ground on which their town was to be built, being marked out, Mr. Eliot advised them to fence it with ditches, and a stone wall, promising to give them shovels, spades, mattocks, and crowes of iron for this purpose; he likewise gave money to those that worked hardest, by which means their town was soon enclosed, and the wigwams, or houses of the meanest, were equal to those of the Sachems in other places, being built not with mats, but the bark of trees, and divided into several apartments; whereas before, they used to eat and sleep together.

"The women began to learn to spin, and find something to sell at market all the year round. In the winter they sold brooms, staves, baskets, &c.; in the spring cranberries, fish, strawberries; in the summer, whortleberries, grapes, fish; besides, several of them worked with the English in hay-time and harvest; but they were neither so industrious nor capable of hard labour, as those who have been bred to it."

This state of society continued till the use of spirituous liquors was introduced among them; and then human nature was exhibited in its most degraded state. It would be well, if many in civilised regions did not justify the remarks which we have heard these poor creatures make, "That other folks get drunk besides Indians." The authorities Mr. Neal quotes render his work respectable. Some of them cannot be obtain-

\* The articles with all the records of the commissioners are published in Hazard's collections. The union subsisted, with some alterations, to the year 1686, when all the charters were vacated by a commission from James the second. Mr. Hazard, with surprising diligence and uncommon accuracy, has collected all these proceedings. The publick are much indebted to him, and should there ever be established in this country an institution similar to that of the society of Antiquaries in England, they would stamp a medal with his image upon it.



ed at the present day by those who are eager to peruse them\*. Mr. Eliot's letters to the corporation, and Mr. Mayhew's are frequently quoted. Some of them have been lately reprinted in the Historical Collections. The whole of Mr. Neal's chapter comprises only the history of the year 1646.

Chapters seventh and eighth contain several biographical sketches, which are abridged from the *Magnalia Americana* of Cotton Mather; also an account of the second Synod of New England; the separation of the Anabaptists, and their sufferings; a large account of the laws made against the *Quakers*, &c.

The first law of this sort was made in 1651. Mr. Neal justly observes:

"That the government of New England, for the sake of uniformity in divine worship, broke in upon the natural rights of mankind, punishing men, not for disturbing the state, but for differing sentiments in religion."

Such laws indeed answer no purpose. They weaken the publick authority, and make enemies to the government. No penal laws, made against the sectaries, could prevent the growth of anabaptism. One of the *Quakers*, when sentence of death was passed upon him, asked the court, what they had gained by their cruel proceedings; *For the last man*, said he, *that was put to death, here are five come in his room; and if you have power to take my life from me, God can raise up the same principle of life in ten of his servants, and send them among you in my room, that you may have torment upon torments.*

It ought to be observed, that the persecution against the quakers was not carried on so fiercely in the other colonies as in Massachusetts. They suffered very little in Connecticut, notwithstanding all we hear about the blue laws of New Haven; they were safe in Rhode Island; and New Hampshire cared not much about these things. The old colony of Plymouth copied after Massachusetts, as appears from a letter from one of their wisest men: "He that will not whip and lash, persecute and punish men that differ in matters of religion, must not sit on the bench, nor sustain any office in the commonwealth." This letter is very curious. Extracts from it are preserved by Mr. Neal, but the whole letter has never been published. It is signed James Cudworth, and written to a friend in London, December 10, 1658. He tells his friend, that, because he entertained some of the *Quakers* at his house, from compassion, or desire to know their principles, he was left off the bench, and discharged of his captainship.

"They acknowledge," said he, "my gifts and parts, and professed they had nothing against me, only in the thing of my giving entertainment

\* Daybreaking of the gospel in New England, Lond. 1647.

Shepherd's clear sunshine of the gospel upon the Indians, Lond. 1648.

Manifestation of the further progress of the gospel in New England, Lond. 1652.

to Quakers, though I broke no law in so doing; for our law then was, "*If any entertain a quaker, and keep him after he is warned by a magistrate to depart, he shall pay 20 shillings a-week for entertaining him.*" But since that a law has been made, that, "*If any entertain a quaker, though but for a quarter of an hour, he shall pay 5l.*" And another. If any see a quaker, he is bound, though he lives six miles or more from a constable, to give immediate notice to him, or else be subject to the censure of the court. Another, That if the constable know, or hear of any quaker in his precincts, he is presently to apprehend him, and if he will not presently depart the town, to whip, and send him away."

In the year 1661, an order from Charles II. put a stop to the execution of the laws against the quakers, but it did not quench the spirit which operated upon all ranks of people. The most eminent dissenting ministers of London sent a friendly remonstrance to the clergy of Boston, but this excellent letter made no impression upon them. The laws were not repealed. A synod being called in 1679, to inquire into the evils which provoked the Lord's judgments, they reckon the indulgence given to quakers, who are false worshippers; increase of anabaptism, &c.

(To be continued.)

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE regret that, in consequence of not having received the communication on Mr. Webster's letters, signed "Steady Habits," before the 21st of the month, when our pages were all full, we are obliged to postpone its publication to the next Anthology. We shall wait with impatience for our correspondent's second number, and can assure him that his further communications would be very acceptable.

To our friend who transmitted from the country the beautiful translation from Anacreon, we offer our thanks, and solicit for our pages further decorations of his muse. He who writes so well, ought to write much.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE ANTHOLOGY.

New Haven, October 24, 1809.

IN the remarks you have subjoined to my letters, addressed to judge Dawes, and inserted in your last number, you have attempted to evade the force of my objection to the usual classification of the articles, by observing that in the sentence I have used, *a*, applied to one planet, has reference to more. But what has this to do with the point in controversy? Have I ever denied that *an*, *a* or *one*, denotes an individual, with reference to more? This observation, which is Dr. Johnson's, I have never denied. My observation is, that *an* or *a*, is merely the word *one*, in its Saxon orthography; that it denotes an individual person or thing; but that *indefiniteness* is not its just characteristic, for it is used indiscriminately before nouns, which are determinate or indeterminate, and that, in this regard, it takes its character from the name which it precedes. Thus, when we say, "*a* great city is the nurse of vice," *a* is indefinite, because *city* is so; but in this sentence, "*Paris is a great city*," *a* is determinate, because *city* is rendered definite or certain by its name.

The truth is, *an*, or *a*, like every other adjective derives its character of definiteness entirely from the name to which it is applied. It has reference to more in number, but not always of the same species of thing. We may say with propriety, "*There is a supreme self-existing God*," although we believe or know there is but one. But in this respect, *an* has no property which is not common to every number. *Two, three, four, ten, a hundred, &c.* express a particular number, *with reference to other numbers*; and we might just as well call every word, expressing number, an *indefinite article*, as the number *one*.

In like manner, you attempt to evade the force of the remarks I have made on the word *if*, by changing the order of the sentence, "*If you ask, you will receive*," into "*you will receive, if you ask*." Really, Gentlemen, this is too trifling! Suppose, I had said, "*When you ask, you shall receive*," would an inverted order of the sentence vary the character of *when*? The truth is, that *if* and *tho*, have an origin and a character *totally distinct* from those of a conjunction. They introduce a condition, hypothesis, or contingency—an office wholly distinct from that of the conjunction or connective. And as we now know that these words are radically verbs in the imperative mode, and that as such they are significant, and illustrate language by the precision of their meaning, it is deemed proper to assign them their true place in the classification of words.

With these remarks, which I wish you to publish, I shall close my communication on this subject. N. WEBSTER.

## INTELLIGENCE AND MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

From the New-York Spectator.

## VARIATIONS OF THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE, IN VIRGINIA.

THE law requires the County Surveyors of this state to mark the magnetick variations on their maps, but owing either to the want of proper instruments, or of skill in the use of such as might have been procured, this judicious injunction has been so irregularly observed, that it has induced more confusion than order.

Of the many methods which may serve to ascertain the absolute variation, perhaps the following is the most simple, and the most easily reduced to practice, by those who can take an altitude of the sun.

In two small holes, drilled exactly through the middle of the upright pieces or sights of the common surveyor's compass, let a thread or very fine wire be fixed so as to pass just above the box, then when the instrument is properly levelled, and directed to that part of the horizon immediately under the sun, the shadow of the thread will coincide exactly with the meridian line in the box. Having taken with the quadrant or sextant equal altitudes of the sun, before and after noon, by reflection from quicksilver, water or molasses—note his azimuth or bearing at each time by means of the shadow of the thread; half the difference of those azimuths will be the variation; which, when they are S. of E. and W. and the eastern azimuth greatest, will be E.; but if the western azimuth be greatest, the variation will be W. When the bearings are N. of E. and W. the contrary rule will be observed. These observations should be made when the sun is between two and four hours distance from noon.

The western azimuth must be corrected on account of the sun's change of declination between the observations; this correction may be made by the following rule, deduced from the differential analogies of spherical triangles (De la Lande's astronomy, article 3886, first edition) viz. To the logarithmick secant of the latitude less radius, add the log. co secant less radius of the half interval of time, between the observations turned into degrees, and the common log. of the total change of declination in minutes; the sum will be the common log. of a number of minutes to be added to the western azimuth, from the summer to the winter solstice, but subtracted during the other half of the year\*. Or the time may be adapted to the lat. of the place, that the correction may be always equal to twice the sun's change of declination in the interval. In lat.

\* I am not ignorant that a very different rule has been given for this correction, in a mathematical work of singular merit; if I am wrong, I shall not hesitate to own my error.



36, 30, this time is 2h 33' from noon, and 3' later for every deg. N. of that line in Va.—Or for those who prefer a very near approximation, it may suffice at any place in Virginia, and within one month of an equinox to use 10' as the correction; between one and two months, 7'; and thence, until within a few days of a solstice, a correction of 4', the sun's slow change of declination then rendering any farther correction unnecessary.

To satisfy myself how far this way of substituting the common compass for the azimuth compass, which is used for finding the variation by equal altitudes, &c. at sea, might be eligible, *I made the experiment at Norfolk, Williamsburg, and Richmond*; and found the line of no variation to run through, or near to the first of those places, lat. 36. deg. 51 min. long. 76, 26. In Williamsburg, lat. 37, 15, long. 76, 57, I found 23 m. variation E.: and in Richmond, lat. 36 1-2 d. long. about 77, 51, var. 57 m. E. Hence I infer that the variation is E. and increasing as we advance west from Norfolk; possibly about 2 minutes for 3 degrees of longitude. My compass was of the common kind, without a vermer, and divided only into degrees.

If the sides are fixed truly perpendicular to the arms of the compass, the box furnished with a vermer and levels, and divided into half degrees, I am satisfied that the variation might be found in this manner, true to a minute, by taking the mean of a few observations. Even the vulgar expedient of concentric circles, and the shadow of a bead fixed on the string of a pointed plummet, will enable a very careful observer to take the azimuths, so as to make a near approach to the truth; but the circles must be pretty large, and the plane on which they are described levelled with great care, otherwise the azimuths will be incorrect.

Amplitudes can be used only at sea. To take and to work azimuths by logarithms, requires some knowledge of mathematicks, and where the variation is only a few minutes, a small error in the observation, or in the work, will render the result dubious. The Pointers of the Bear can be resorted to conveniently, only at particular seasons, and the method is, in other respects, objectionable. A transit telescope, well adjusted, is necessary to determine the instant when the sun's centre passes the meridian, as his motion is then, for some time, apparently parallel to the horizon. From all these considerations, I am induced to prefer the very simple contrivance which I have suggested above, and which has also this advantage, that it neither requires expensive apparatus nor complex calculation.

The correct determination of the variation and the construction of a variation chart for this state, and indeed for the United States, is of more importance than appears at first view;

since it is highly probable, that for two or three centuries to come, the circumferentor is the only instrument which can be used by surveyors in this country. If the variation were once truly taken, and marked on a stone at certain noted places, suppose at every courthouse, as has been done near the Federal City, the relative variation might be easily known at any future period. Nor is it quite improbable that due attention to this matter might tend to throw some light upon a subject which has eluded the sagacity of the most acute philosophers. An industrious individual could, during one summer, find the variation at every important place in the state, and take the latitudes, at the same time, without any additional trouble or delay, for a less sum than has been expended on a law suit originating in the mistake of a surveyor.

Questions have arisen respecting the manner of allowing the relative variation so as to retrace an old line.

Rule—If the variation has gone Eastward, add the change of variation to the old course, if SE or NW, but subtract it, if SW or NE. When the needle has moved Westward, invert the rule.

These trifles are not intended to claim the attention of mathematicians, to all of whom the application of equal altitudes is familiar, but they may be of use to surveyors, whose opportunities for scientific attainments are too few; and to their employers, if they serve to prevent or to correct errors, and consequent disputes; or if they should induce the suggestion of any method more accurate, and as easy in practice.

I shall be particularly obliged to such gentlemen as may choose to observe the variation in the way I have pointed out, if they will let me know the result specifying the date, the hour and the azimuth.

I have not taken any notice of the diurnal variation, having no data respecting it, in this place, nor any instrument fit to observe it.

GEORGE BLACKBURN,

*Examiner of Surveyors, &c. William and Mary College.*

*November 7, 1809.*

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From the National Intelligencer... Printed in Washington.

MR. Denon, the well known writer of Travels through Egypt, has lately been entrusted by Bonaparte with a considerable sum of money, to be equally divided among the authors of twelve paintings of large dimensions, on the following given subjects:

1st. Bonaparte addressing the Bavarians before the battle of Abensberg.

2d. The attack of the bridge at Ratisbon.

3d. The capture of Ratisbon.

4th. The attack of the bridge at Landshut.



- 5th. The bombardment of Vienna.
  - 6th. The attack of the bridges at Ebersburg.
  - 7th. Battle of Wagram.
  - 8th. The French emperor's bivouac on the field of Wagram, during the night of the fifth and sixth July.
  - 9th. A view of the island Napoleon (Inder Lobau), at the time when his imperial majesty re-entered it after the battle of Essling.
  - 10th. A second view of the same island when Napoleon embraces marshal Lasnes mortally wounded in that battle.
  - 11th. A view of Ebersdorf, and the bridges over the Danube.
  - 12th. A view of the gardens of the palace of Schoenbrunn.
- A small number of marble busts, and among others, one of marshal Lasnes, will also be executed by skilful French sculptors.

The celebrated Canova, who is to receive 100,000 crowns for a colossal statue of Napoleon in bronze, has engaged the assistance of the German artists at Vienna, who cast the statue of Joseph II. under the direction of the celebrated professor Zauner.

The triumphal arch erected in the Carousal at Paris, by order of Bonaparte, to immortalize the glory of the French armies, is now entirely finished. It faces the Thuilleries on one side, in the direction of the Vestibule, and the Louvre on the other. It is 45 feet in height, 60 in length, and 20 1-2 in thickness.

## CATALOGUE

### OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES:

FOR NOVEMBER, 1809.

*Sunt bona, sunt quaedam medioeria, sunt mala plura. Mart.*

#### NEW WORKS.

The Jewish Polity completely overturned, and the Sceptre reserved for Jesus Christ. A Discourse, delivered at Newburyport, Lord's Day Evening, January 29, 1809. By John N. Church, Pastor of the Church in Pelham, N. H. Newburyport; Thomas and Whipple.

*The peaceful end of the perfect man.* A Discourse delivered in Lebanon, at the funeral of His Excellency Jonathan Trumbull, governour of the state of Connecticut, who died August 7th, 1809, aged 69. By Zebulon Ely, A. M. Pastor of the Church in the South Society. Hartford; Hudson and Goodwin.

Considerations on the Nature and Efficacy of the Lord's Supper, to which are added, Prayers, composed and used by Samuel Johnson, L.L.D. Baltimore.

The Mystery of Godliness. A Sermon, delivered at Thomaston, June 15, 1809, at the Installation of the Rev. John Lord, to the Pastoral Office in that place. By Josiah Webster, Pastor of the Church in Hampton, N. H. Newburyport; Thomas and Whipple.

The *Brandiad*, a poem, in two books, together with several miscellaneous Poems and Translations, illustrated with copious Notes. By Peter Carist, Esq. Boston; at the Bookstores.

Correspondence of the late President Adams. No. 4. Boston; Everett and Munroe.

Remarks on some of the circumstances and arguments produced by the Murder of Mr. Paul Chadwick, at Malta, on the east side of the Kennebeck, on the 7th of September. 1809.

An Answer to Pericles' grand appeal to the Nation, on this most important question, "Are happiness and freedom consistent with foreign commerce, at all events? and on the Necessity of a War." By an American republican. Philadelphia; Thomas T. Stiles.

A Discourse occasioned by the death of his excellency Jonathan Trumbull, Esq. governour of the state of Connecticut; and delivered, at the request of the General Assembly, in the brick church in New Haven. By Timothy Dwight, D. D. President of Yale College. Published by the request of the General Assembly. New Haven; Oliver Steele and Co.

"A Compendious Lexicon of the Hebrew Language." In 2 volumes. Volume I, containing an explanation of every word which occurs in the Psalms, with Notes. Volume II. being a Lexicon and Grammar of the whole language. By Clement C. More. New York; Collins and Perkins. Price 5 dollars.

Magdalen Church Yard, translated from the French. By Samuel Mackay, A. M. Professor of the French language. Boston; William Andrews. Two volumes, 12mo. price 2 dollars and 25 cents, in boards.

#### NEW EDITIONS.

The works of Mrs. Chapone: now first collected. Containing, I. Letters on the improvement of the mind. II. Miscellanies. III. Correspondence with Mr. Richardson. IV. Letters to Mrs. Carter. V. Fugitive pieces. To which is prefixed, An account of her Life and Character, drawn up by her own Family. In 4 vols. Boston; T. B. Wait and Co.

Lectures on Systematick Theology and Pulpit Eloquence. By the late George Campbell, D. D. F. R. S. Ed. Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen. Boston; T. B. Wait and Co.

A Practical Treatise on Pleading, and on the parties to actions, and the forms of actions. By Joseph Chitty, Esq. of the Middle Temple. New York; Robert M'Durmot.

A Farewell Sermon, preached May 28, 1809, at Newark, New Jersey. By Edward D. Griffin, D. D. Second edition. Newburyport; Thomas and Whipple.

Observations on the epidemical Diseases of Minorca. By H. Cleghorn, M. D. Professor of Anatomy in the University of Dublin. With Notes, intended to accommodate them to the present state of Medicine, and to the Climates and Diseases of the United States. By B. Rush, M. D. Professor of the Institutes and Practice of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania. New York; F. Nichols.

An Essay on Crimes and Punishments, translated from the Italian, with a Commentary. Attributed to M. de Voltaire, translated from the French. A new edition. Boston; Farrand, Mallory and Co.

Constitutions of the United States: according to the latest amendments. To which are prefixed, the Declaration of Independence, and the Federal Constitution. Boston; O. C. Greenleaf. Price one dollar.

The Scholar's Arithmetick; or, Federal Accountant. Fifth edition. Keene, (N. H.) J. Prentiss. Price one dollar.

Reports of Cases adjudged in the court of King's Bench, from Hilary term the 14th of Geo. III. 1774, to Trinity term the 18th of Geo. III. 1778, both inclusive. By Henry Cowper, Esq. Barrister at Law of the Middle Temple; with Notes of reference to similar cases in subsequent Reporters. First American, from the second London edition, two vols.



Trial of the Witnesses of the Resurrection of Jesus. From the twelfth London Edition. Boston; John Eliot, jun. 114 pages octavo, price 75 cents.

Memoirs of Mrs. Eleanor Emerson; containing a brief sketch of her Life with some of her Writings. To which is added, the Rev. Mr. Worcester's Sermon occasioned by her death. Second edition. Boston; Lincoln and Edmands. Price 25 cents.

First volume Shakespeare Illustrated, or the Novels and Histories on which the plays of Shakespeare are founded. Collected and translated from the Originals. By Mrs. Lenox. In two volumes. Boston; William M'Ilhenny.

The Parent's Assistant. By Miss Maria Edgworth. In three volumes. Georgetown, Columbia; Joseph Milligan. 1809.

#### WORKS PROPOSED AND IN PRESS.

T. B. Wait and Co. Boston, propose to publish, The Philosophy of Rhetorick. By George Campbell, D.D. F.R.S. Edin. Principal of the Marischal College, Aberdeen. 'Certo sciant homines, artes inveniendi solidas et veras adolescere et incrementa sumere cum ipsis inventis.' *Bac. De Augm. Scient.*

T. B. Wait and Co. Boston, will put to press immediately, The American New Dispensatory. Containing, I. General Principles of Pharmaceutick Chemistry. Chemical Analysis of the articles of Materia Medica. II. Materia Medica, including several new and valuable articles, the production of the United States. III. Preparations and Compositions. The whole compiled from the most approved modern authors, both European and American. To which is added, an Appendix, containing, A definition of the nature and properties of the Gases; by a fellow of the Massachusetts Medical Society. Medical Electricity and Galvanism. On Medical Prescriptions. An abridgement of Dr. Currie's Reports on the use of Water. Method of cultivating American Opium. By James Thacher, A.A. & M.M.S.S.

T. B. Wait and Co. Boston, have in press, Rules and Regulations for the Field Exercise and Manoeuvres of the French Infantry, issued August 1, 1791. Abridged. And all the manoeuvres added, which have been since adopted by the emperor Napoleon. In two volumes. The second volume to contain forty-two plates.

W. Wells, and T. B. Wait and Co. Boston, have in the press, An Attempt towards an Improved Version, or Metrical Arrangement, and an Explanation of the Twelve Minor Prophets. By William Newcome, D.D. Primate of Ireland, now enlarged and improved, with Notes, and a Comparison of the chief various renderings of Dr. Horsley on Hosea, and Dr. Blaney on Zachariah.

Kimber and Conrad, Philadelphia, and T. B. Wait and Co. Boston, propose publishing by subscription a general collection of Voyages and Travels: forming a complete History of the Origin and Progress of Discovery, by Sea and Land, from the earliest ages to the present time. Preceded by an Historical Introduction and Critical Catalogue of Books of Voyages and Travels, and illustrated and adorned with numerous engravings. By John Pinkerton, author of Modern Geography, &c. In quarto. Fine paper.

Ezra Sargent, bookseller, New York, will shortly put to press, in two volumes, octavo, an original work, "The Journal of an American, during a twelve month's tour in England, Holland and Scotland, in the years 1805 and 1806."

Ephraim C. Beals proposes to publish, by subscription, Jerusalem Delivered; an Heroick Poem, translated from the Italian of Torquato Tasso. By John Hoole. In two volumes, octavo, not pressed.

Joseph Milligan, Georgetown, has in the press, Tales of Fashionable Life. By Miss Edgworth. In two volumes.

**Cooper's Equity Pleader.** This new and valuable work, will be put to press and published with all possible haste, by S. Gould, Law Bookseller, New York.

Thomas and Whipple, Newburyport, have in press, and will publish in December, 1809, A new system of Modern Geography; or, a General Description of all the considerable Countries in the world. Compiled from the latest European and American Geographies, Voyages and Travels. Designed for schools and Academies. By Elijah Parish, D.D. Minister of Byfield, author of A Compendious System of Univerral Geography, &c. &c. Ornamented with Maps. Though geography is an earthly subject, it is a heavenly study. *Burke.*

William M'Ilhenny, of Boston, has in the press, A Series of Discourses on the principles of Religious Belief, as connected with human happiness and improvement. By the Rev. R. Morehead, A. M. of Baliol College, Oxford, &c. &c.

James W. Burditt, and Co. of Boston, will shortly publish, A Synthesis of the Rules and Principles of the Law of Nisi Prius, deduced from the authority of adjudged cases, from the earliest authentick period to the present time, but particularly showing the doctrine of Bailments, Bills of Exchange, and Promissory Notes, Marine and other Insurance, Merchant Ships and Seamen, and also the Law of Evidence; thereby adapting this work as well to the use of every Professor of the Law, as to that of every Merchant and Underwriter: To which is added, a Table of the principal titles, divisions and subdivisions, and a Repertorium of Cases, doubly and systematically designed. By Richard William Bridgman, Esq. Part First, Volume First. Taken from the original, printed in London.

Bradford and Inskeep have in press, and will publish in a short time, Letters and Reflections of the Austrian Field Marshal Prince de Ligne. Edited by the Baroness de Stael Holstein; containing Anecdotes hitherto unpublished, of Joseph II. Catherine II. Frederick the Great, Rousseau, Voltaire, and others; with interesting remarks on the Turks, translated from the French. By D. Boileau.

Samuel Etheridge, jr. and John R. Weld, of Charlestown, propose to publish by Subscription, The Lives of the most eminent English Poets. In two volumes, octavo. By Samuel Johnson, L.L. D. Price two dollars and 25 cents a volume, in boards.

Hopkins and Earle, have in the press, at Philadelphia, Lectures on Natural Philosophy. By the Rev. John Ewing, D.D. late Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and senior Pastor of the First Presbyterian Congregation in Philadelphia. Revised and Corrected by Robert Patterson, Director of the Mint, and Professor of Mathematicks in the University of Pennsylvania. In one large octavo volume.